THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

DECEMBER, 1934

The Select Committee's Report

TO what is politely termed the "armchair critic," the Report of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform is chiefly remarkable for its tone. Its contents were predetermined by its personnel. What is really surprising is the tone of apologetic pessimism with which it endorses such of the Government's proposals as are accepted. The Report will not rank with the great, or even with the good, State Papers. It is diffuse, verbose, repetitive, and manifestly uninspired by passionate intellectual or moral convictions. It is written less in the spirit of the final act of a great historic drama than in the spirit of the "Pantomime Rehearsal." "It will be all right on the night." Some of its apothegms are painfully reminiscent of the able and conscientious politician who, for his sins, has been called on to deliver an oration on some abstract problems of art or philosophy. One gem must be taken from its setting :—

> "the creation of the British Empire, as we know it to-day, has been mainly due to the fact that, for the last 150 years, British policy has been guided by a more generous appreciation of the value of which is sometimes called a politically-minded class."

A patient and disinterested inquiry

NEVERTHELESS, it would be profoundly misleading to suggest that when the Committee leave the by-paths of political speculation and historical reflection their recommendations remain on the same plane. On the contrary, most people will recognize in their treatment of the many technical problems referred to them

the fruits of patient and disinterested inquiry, and will accept their conclusions as the best that can be reached in circumstances wholly unfavourable. It was obvious all along that there could be no compromise between the views of those who are absurdly called "die-hards" and the views of the present government and their friends on responsibility at the centre. It was certain from the first that left wing opinion would demand the complete responsibility of the Central Government to an elected Indian legislature, that right wing opinion would urge that the Central Government should continue to be not irresponsible, but responsible to the British Parliament, and that the compromise of a dyarchy at the centre would, in fact, be the Committee's choice. It has been equally obvious that the compromise will not satisfy any branch of Indian opinion—at least, in public—and that it is as open now, after the patient investigations of the Committee, as it was before to the criticism which has been passed for years on the working of dyarchy in the Provinces, and which the Joint Select Committee themselves endorse.

To describe the Committee's recommendations as equivalent to "surrender" seems to us absurd. They are the produce of a political situation which is just as much one of the "realities" of the case as any that Mr. Winston Churchill can mention. This political situation was not created by the Committee, but those who created it, in pursuit of temporary political advantages, have incurred a responsibility which history will not rate lightly. Given the situation as it is, the loose words spoken, the informal but morally binding pledges uttered by responsible ministers, it was not possible for this Government to turn round and refuse all measure of central responsibility. Had the Select Committee recommended this course, it would have involved the immediate resignation of the Government and an election which might, in the heat and confusion resulting, have returned (without intention) a majority in favour of complete

responsibility. In any case, a situation of equal gravity at home and in India would at once have arisen. The consciousness of these facts—for facts they are—is written clearly between the lines of the Committee's Report.

Two criticisms in detail

NEVERTHELESS, two recommendations at least of the Committee will seem to many profoundly regrettable, and the Conservative majority in the House of Commons will no doubt endeavour to secure their modification. The first is the proposal for a reconsideration of the method of election after ten years. This will inevitably mean the reopening of the question not only of the franchise, but of the powers of the legislature. It will mean more inquiries, more round table conferences, more bargaining in the hope of an "agreed solution." There is no virtue in this ten-year period. It embodies a principle (of automatic revision) which the Committee themselves reject, and it contains a hint of a doubt which will inevitably invite external agitation.

The second recommendation which calls for special mention is that which would place a veto on ministers in the provinces who are not members of the legislature. There is no precedent for this either in the English or, as far as we know, in any Asiatic constitution—the power of the Prime Minister in England to recommend the grant of peerage being the accepted safety-valve in this country. It is true that the House of Lords is part of our legislature, but not in the sense which is relevant to the Committee's argument in paragraph 85–88 of their Report.

The task of Conservatives

IT would be idiotic to pretend that these two criticisms exhaust the vast subject of the Committee's recommendations. The Committee have chosen to present their Report in such a way that weeks of close study is a pre-requisite to any final judgment on the details. We feel bound to say, however, that little good seems likely

to come from playing the part of Cassandra in regard to the Report as a whole. Without a wise, just and firm government in this country, the inevitable constitutional difficulties, which the Congress parties can so easily promote, will not be solved. This fact makes it imperative, while pressing for such amendments as are essential if the new constitution is to be weather-proof, to concentrate also on promoting a true understanding of those vital responsibilities which are still reserved to the British Parliament under the proposals. Above all, it is necessary to insist that there shall be no explaining away of these responsibilities. They exist. They will be honourable, if difficult, to sustain. Let us hear no more of those dishonouring formulæ designed to mean one thing in India and another in this country. Let us insist that the Government spokesmen are frank as well as prudent.

Mr. Wells and M. Stalin

THE "New Statesman" has published in recent numbers Mr. Wells's account of his interview with M. Stalin and Mr. Bernard Shaw's commentaries on the interview. The interesting feature of the business is the horror of Mr. Wells at the safe conduct of a revolution without the aid of the supermen of commerce whom Mr. Wells worships as the destined makers of his new world, and the horror of the Socialists, including Mr. Shaw, at Mr. Wells's idea that the class war may not be necessary. Mr. Shaw has as usual taken advantage of the fact that no one takes him seriously to tell the plain truth about Russian Communism, which is, of course, simply a dictatorship of advanced people doing what they think right without asking anyone's permission. He has, however, not observed the one fact which Mr. Wells did observe, that these advanced people are very frightened, and frightened people seldom make wise, just or humane rulers. The reason for this fright is simple enough. "The people" in Russia are not the

handful of people who rule, but the masses who are ruled, and no one is deceived by the pretended alliance between these and their Government against an imaginary third party of counter-revolutionary aristocrats and foreign spies. The real " people " are the ruined peasants, who have no more liking for the Communist Government than they had for the Czar's Government. The same will apply in England if we get a Socialist Government. The poor, the hungry and the unlucky will not cease to blame the Government for their misfortunes because it is a Socialist Government, and when those misfortunes are increased, as they will be, they will turn on them if given a chance. M. Stalin and his friends take care that no one has such a chance. The Socialists in Spain were determined to prevent the chance, which their own constitution gave, from being used. Socialists are now preparing public opinion in England for a point blank denial —once Socialism is established—of any political rights by describing the anti-Socialist political revolts in Italy, Germany, and Spain as capitalist revolutions against the people. Such revolutions can, it is urged, be legitimately met by force and sedition. This is what is meant by the class war—war against the people who oppose Socialism. In short, war against the people.

The next Socialist Government

I SHALL be told, of course, that it is absurd to take the advanced Socialists seriously—that they are an amiable body of professional politicians who wouldn't hurt a fly, and that their only desire is a periodical share of the spoils of office. This is true of some Socialists, who are so only in name, whose opinions are no more radical than those of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Harold MacMillan, in an interesting speech to THE ENGLISH REVIEW Luncheon Club, inclined to the view that a Socialist Government would be mainly composed of such " moderates "—heirs to the Liberal heritage of humane radicalism rather than disciples of Stalin or Azaña. Possibly he is right, but I

am certain that a Socialist Government when, if ever, it gets a clear majority, will be forced to bring in Socialism just as surely as the National Government was forced to bring in protection. And I am equally certain that we shall not be allowed to get rid of Socialism, once it is in the saddle, by constitutional means. There is no instance in history of a sincere revolutionary government allowing political liberty, freedom of opinion or organized opposition.

Labour and Sedition

IT cannot be too often stated that the alliance between Liberalism and Socialism is accidental and largely dishonest. This is well exemplified by the agitation on the so-called Sedition Bill. This agitation was carried on in the honoured name of liberty. Its purpose was to popularize and familiarize people with the idea that the loyalty of the Government forces to the Government ought to be conditional and not absolute. No one knows better than the sagacious Mr. Pritt and the eloquent Professor Laski, with whom I debated this issue last month, that democratic government is impossible unless the elected government, whatever its political colour, can rely absolutely on the loyalty of the instruments of government. Nor did either of them come out into the open as advocates of the propriety of seducing the forces from their allegiance to the Crown in Parliament; although Mr. Pritt went so far as to suggest that a little disobedience to orders ought to be tolerated, as long as the allegiance was on the whole observed. The concern, however, of the organizers of the agitation was at the risk of police interference with activities which might appear to have the effect of countenancing or advocating sedition. They wanted such activities to be safeguarded. They were indifferent to the visible threat to ordered liberty if elected governments had to make terms with their servants before they could carry out their mandate. They were concerned not for liberty, but

the freedom of minorities to undermine the foundations of liberty. Probably less than half the supporters of the agitation against the Bill were of this view. The rest were merely Liberals whose attitude to revolutionary creeds to-day is the same as their attitude to the German Empire before 1914. The idea that anyone would really try to seduce the loyalty of English soldiers and sailors simply never occurred to them. These things only happen on the Continent; therefore the Bill was part of a plot against free speech of any kind.

The Socialist Press and the Spanish Revolt

THOSE people who wish to think like this—and in our peaceful country we are all tempted to do so—ought to study not the shameful history of the recent Socialist revolt in Spain, but the reference to it—before and after the event—in the Socialist Press in this country. Barely one word was said in condemnation of this armed attack on a freely elected government by a defeated minority. Barely a word has been said, and that very half-heartedly, against the shocking atrocities which accompanied the revolt. The Liberal and Socialist Press prepared its readers for the revolt by announcing it without a shadow of justification as a movement to defeat a Fascist *coup d'état* which was being planned by Señor " Gil Robles, the Fascist leader." The *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle* were no doubt acting in scrupulous good faith in telling their readers that the well-known leader of the Spanish Catholic republican party (as well-known in European politics as M. Doumergue or Mr. Stanley Baldwin) was a Fascist. We must assume that they alone were ignorant of a fact which the whole of the rest of the world had known for years. Indeed, when the mistake was pointed out to the *Daily Herald*, the editor, with that readiness to seek out truth at all costs, which is part of the honourable tradition of Fleet Street, replied that he was writing to his correspondent in Spain to ascertain the facts. Had the revolt succeeded, it would have been hailed as a

triumph of freedom against oppression. The respect for majority rule and for political liberty and even for the lives of political opponents is hardly visible on the surface to-day. Beneath the surface it has ceased to exist among the leaders of Liberal and Socialist thought in this country. Let us realize it in time.

Germany to-day

AN interesting situation is developing in Germany, where the breakdown of international trade is forcing the German Government into the most extreme measures to make Germany independent of foreign supplies of raw materials. The United States will probably be the chief sufferers after the German people themselves, but it is to be hoped that those who are working behind the scenes and underground for the destruction of Herr Hitler's regime by economic pressure will realize their folly, even if not their wickedness, in time. There is no prospect whatever of the collapse of the present regime in Germany this winter. All that will happen, if anything like an economic war takes place, will be a permanent loss of another market to this country and a drastic re-drawing of the world's trade map, which will, by the dislocation it will cause, delay recovery here and in the United States for an indefinite period. Happily there are signs that this fact, long ago realized among English businessmen, is now realized at the Treasury and the Board of Trade. It is a pity that the Liberal Press continue to announce an impending economic disaster in Germany, thus aping the folly of the Conservative Press twelve years ago in repeatedly prophesying a political upheaval in Soviet Russia. If and in so far as there is a risk of an economic collapse in Germany, it is the obvious duty of all good Europeans to do their best to avert it. The new internationalists who look forward so eagerly to the incalculable increase in human misery which is the only possible result of a fresh breakdown in Central Europe are strangely unpleasing

people and the less they have to do with our affairs the better.

The Peace Ballot

I HAVE failed to unravel the complexities of the Peace Ballot affair. It is nice to know from the letters in the *Times* that everyone has acted in such good faith, but what is faith without works? Is it right to use a non-political organization to assist in a ballot on matters of current controversy? Obviously not! The League of Nations Union has succeeded, when even the League itself has failed, in making the League a party issue. This is good political tactics from the Socialist point of view. To get the Government labelled pro-armament and anti-League will win thousands of votes at an election. But when the League propagandists are discovered to be urging not peace, but a sword, the reaction will be swift and will inevitably go too far. The League is a piece of invaluable international political machinery. The idea of turning it into a military machine is bad enough. To turn it into a military machine to carry out a policy quite undefined and conforming to no body of ethical principles is to ensure a flight from Geneva on the part of all lovers of peace. That would, in such an event, be as essential a sanitary precaution as the closing of frontiers to immigrants from a plague-stricken country: it would not, however, be in itself anything but a retrograde action. Public discussion of international affairs is dangerous and futile as a routine, but in a time of crisis is probably the best possible safety valve that humanity will ever devise. Let us preserve it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Booksellers

MR. BERNARD SHAW has raised an interesting point by allowing the *Daily Herald* to sell his plays at a price far below that at which the booksellers bought the same edition from the publishers on the understanding that their edition would be the last. Mr. Shaw's case

is that he made money by doing this and that it is no concern of his if the booksellers lost money. As usual in these controversies, there is no suggestion of bad faith. Mr. Shaw gave no pledge; the publishers have honoured theirs. No one therefore says Mr. Shaw is to blame. Mr. Shaw, like Lord Jim pondering on the possible verdict of public opinion on his action, surely forgot that, as Marlowe put it, " it was the guilt alone that mattered." That business can be conducted on Mr. Shaw's lines is obvious; the law is one thing; justice is another. It does not seem, however, to occur to Mr. Shaw, or to many other reformers, that whereas the public mind cares little about law—witness the failure of prohibition—it cares greatly about justice. It is the realized disharmony between what is permitted and what is just which is the fundamental cause of the world's unrest. Mr. Shaw may retort that in his Utopia this disharmony will be removed, but it is necessary if so to remind him that Utopias, like all other products of human ingenuity, bear the brand of Cain upon them. If it is not necessary to man's self-respect to-day to seek justice at the expense of cash, then man will not to-morrow construct a just Utopia. It is the ready acquiescence by capitalist and Socialist alike in a quantitative formula in place of a qualitative one which makes both capitalism and Socialism suspect to lovers of justice. Any society, mechanically ordered, will reflect the evil as well as the good that is in man, and because the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, the evil in any such society will far outweigh the good.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

America's Choice: Capitalism or Private Property

By Herbert Agar

THE first period of liberalism in modern American politics, the Progressive Era, came to a sordid end in 1921. The "Square Deal" of Theodore Roosevelt and the "New Freedom" of Wilson gave way to the "normalcy" of Harding. Liberalism failed because it did not understand the problem it sought to cure. A famous *New Yorker* cartoon shows two men drifting about on life-preservers, in an angry sea, one of them remarking, "fundamentally the ship was perfectly sound." That is the root error of American liberalism, as it showed itself in the first two decades of the century. The liberals were convinced that fundamentally America was perfectly sound, that with a little tinkering at the laws and a little more honesty of administration all would be well. In fact, there was already grave danger that all might be ill. The American people were already at the crossroads, and had to choose their way for good or bad. They are still at the same crossroads to-day; but not being gypsies they cannot camp there for ever.

The United States, when Theodore Roosevelt became president, had a democratic form of government suitable to a nation of property-owners in which a majority of families had a real stake in the country. But the United States was rapidly becoming a country in which the large majority of the citizens were proletarians. In a country where a few people own most of the means of production, and the majority of people is proletarian, democracy has always been, and must always be, a farce. It is no good, in such a country, calling the rich men names, or passing laws prohibiting them from buying a controlling interest in the government. The most that such laws can do is to make the buying somewhat more complicated and somewhat more gratifying to the rich men's lawyers. But democracy cannot be saved in a land where a small group controls the means of production.

If the forms of democracy are kept they will merely become a soiled screen for plutocracy. The honest choice before such a country is either to let the rich own the government openly, just as they own everything else, or to prevent them from owning everything else, either by restoring the institution of private property or by creating the institution of communism. It is this choice which the liberals of yesterday failed to face—a failure which explains why the Progressive Era of Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson came to nothing, or rather why it came to Harding, who may fairly be described as worse than nothing.

The friends of "normalcy," of course, were even further from facing the facts than were the Progressives, so they led America steadily and enthusiastically toward 1929, and the *débâcle* under Mr. Hoover. The result was that in 1932 the country turned again to a liberal. On the evidence of the speeches and articles collected in his book, "Looking Forward," Mr. Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 was a traditional American liberal, full of humanitarianism and of zeal for reform, but unaware that a vital change was required. The collapse of February and March, 1933, made him revise his views and plan for a more thorough reorganization of the United States. It appears, however, that the reorganization is still being carried on from the liberal point of view, that is, from the point of view of one who holds that democracy and capitalism can somehow be made to work together—that the existing American system is fundamentally sound. And it is hard to see how this new liberalism can be more successful than the old.

This is not to suggest that Mr. Roosevelt himself will fail. Mr. Roosevelt appears to combine the adaptability of Proteus with the wile of Ulysses, and if his present purpose is unrealistic he will doubtless change it in time. The point of this essay is not to discuss Mr. Roosevelt's chances, but to suggest that the liberal approach to the American problem will not lead to a stable solution to-day any more than it did yesterday (and at the same

time I wish to suggest that the conservative approach could lead to a solution both stable and agreeable).

If the United States had only to cure abuses in a system that is healthy at root, liberalism would be what is needed. But the American task is not to repair the existing system and then administer it with more conscience and more humanity; the task is either to build a new system or to restore the old one that is almost destroyed. The job, in other words, calls for revolution or else for true conservatism.

One error underlying American liberal thought is the belief that the United States is now engaged in a struggle to preserve a system of private property against the menace of communism. In fact, the traditional American social order, which was based on the institution of private property, has already been largely supplanted by thorough-going capitalism. And the essence of capitalism (and this has been true ever since its origins in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) is that property in significant amounts is not owned by the ordinary citizen. Everybody in America may still own *something:* a shirt, or a cat, or an old newspaper. But a very small proportion of the population owns a share in the means of production—land, tools, natural resources. It is only when private property in this real sense is widely distributed that the institution of private property can be said to exist; it is only then that the benefits of that institution (such as responsibility, enterprise, family stability) can be expected. But when the means of production are owned by a very small percentage of the population, it is vain to expect the watching millions to be filled with enterprise or endowed with responsibility or hope. It is this latter state to which America has come to-day. And the name of this state is capitalism. And capitalism is the negation of private property. But the liberal continues to talk and plan as if capitalism *meant* private property, which explains why the liberal finds it hard to solve the problems raised by capitalism. An amusing example of this lack of realism was recently offered by

Mr. William Wirt, when he complained that members of the President's Brain Trust were out to destroy "the America of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln." Mr. Wirt might just as reasonably have been shocked if some rash youth had suggested destroying the America of Pocohontas.

This confusion between capitalism, which means the denial of private property (in any significant amounts) to the vast majority of the nation, and the true system of private property which capitalism is supplanting, has persisted in America for reasons that are not hard to find. During the first generations of its life the United States really was a nation of property-owning citizens; that is, a large proportion of American families owned something real (such as land, or a store, or a machine shop, or a small factory), with the result that such ownership was the basic institution of American life, and set the tone of that life. Americans were proud of this institution, and they have naturally been slow to notice its disappearance. Also, during the generations after the Civil War, when capitalism encroached more and more fatally upon the old America, the steady settling of new groups of farmers in the West meant that there were still many Americans of modest financial status who were genuine owners of property. Those whose hearts still lay with the America of Washington and Jefferson could avert their eyes from the heavily populated districts and dream that the "real America" was still a land of free farmers, that the United States was still based on private property. It is this dream, and the failure of analysis which this dream encourages, which defeated the liberalism of the Progressive Era.

The time has now come when it will be fatal for the United States to persist in a false analysis of her plight. It may not be too late to make a modern version of the America of Washington and Jefferson, in which it will once again be normal for American families to own real property. But it will very quickly become too late unless Americans notice what is going on about them, and act accordingly. Everyone knows that the thing which is

going on is called capitalism; but strangely few people know what capitalism means. So it is worth repeating that capitalism, in its pure state, means that almost all productive property is owned by a very few and that almost nothing is owned by the very many. The great difference between modern capitalism and the classical slave state is that under modern capitalism the propertyless majority is politically "free." At its worst, during a time of want, this means that if a proletarian prefers to be down-and-out in Duluth, rather than in Detroit, he is at liberty to walk there!

The best that can be said for modern American capitalism is that it is not quite capitalism in its pure state. It is capitalism tempered by humanitarianism —by rather more humanitarianism under a liberal administration, by rather less under a reactionary administration. But the nation has reached a state of tension and instability in which no amount of tempering, or of temporising, is any good. A real solution is demanded. And there are only three real solutions which are logically possible.

The first solution is communism. Take the means of production away from the few and let the State administer them for the good of the many. This is at least an honest system which admits what it is doing and which can give a moral basis for its action. Those of us who deplore communism think that the institution of private property is deeply rooted in human desire, and that the communist solution for the dilemma of capitalism, though logical, will always have to be maintained by force. But if communism were the only alternative to what the United States has got, it would at least be a better and a more stable social order.

The second solution may be described as an American perversion of fascism.* This would mean confirming the few in their ownership of the means of production, and at the same time conferring a definite status, and

* If an open dictatorship of Big Business should come to pass in America, it would probably give itself the name of Fascism. But I do not mean to imply that such a dictatorship is the true nature of Fascism.

definite minimum rights, on the many. The capitalist proletariat, during a period of slump, has nothing to fall back on except the vote (which under capitalism is a fake) and " liberty " (which under capitalism is a myth). The proletariat, under an American fascist régime, would have a right to a decent living at the community's expense, in return for abandoning its liberty and accepting the obligation to work when work was given it. Obviously, this would be the negation of the old American system. It would, in a sense, be the modern world's version of the classical slave state. But it would be stable, and it would be realistic; and again it would be better than the present disheartening pretence. Under fascism, the national income would be more fairly distributed, but ownership of the national resources would remain the prerogative of the very few. Although such a state would probably be more obnoxious to liberals than to any other group, it is towards just such a state that liberalism tends. For liberalism, by refusing to go boldly to the right or to the left, prolongs the present disequilibrium. In the course of time, under such a policy, a slave-state will become the one alternative to a complete smash.

The third solution is conservatism: a return to the original American system under which the ownership of property is the normal expectation for a family. The word " conservative " is usually applied, in the United States, to the politics of Big Business. This is a gross misuse of language, for it is the politics of Big Business which has been destroying traditional America. If any return to that America is possible, it will be by the policy known as " distributism "—the revival of the common ownership of real property. So it is reasonable to annex the word " conservative " for this policy.

The fact that these three solutions are the only possible outcome of capitalism was foreseen, as long ago as 1912, by Mr. Belloc. " To solve capitalism," wrote Mr. Belloc, " you must get rid of restricted ownership, or of freedom, or of both." Conservatism, as I have here used the word,

would do the first: it would get rid of restricted ownership. Fascism would do the second: it would get rid of freedom. Communism would do the third: it would get rid of both. Liberalism is an untenable attempt to keep both, to find some way of making restricted ownership and freedom live side by side. It cannot be done. The longer the effort goes on, the greater will be the tension and the instability of our social order. Restricted ownership will make freedom, for the property-less majority, more and more of a fraud. In good times this may not be resented; but in bad times it breeds a revolutionary situation, sooner or later destroying the society based on these two incompatibles.

If liberalism—if the present combination of restricted ownership, humanitarianism, and democratic forms of government—is too unstable, the American people must choose between the possible ways out. If the choice be put off too long, communism will come from the sheer force of economic determinism. But that danger is still in the future. For the present the choice lies between what I have called conservatism and what I have called fascism. Fascism can make a fairer distribution of the national income than is now known, and can guarantee a decent living to the proletariat if the proletariat will accept permanently a working-class status. Conservatism, slowly and with difficulty, can redistribute ownership, and not merely income. It offers risks and responsibilities rather than bread and circuses. But it also offers the only realistic way of reviving that much-mentioned America of Washington and Jefferson. Which course will the American people choose?

There is a popular delusion which tends to obscure the issue by making the conservative choice sound impractical. According to this delusion, the industrial revolution (and still more the power revolution of the past few decades) has made small property-holdings impossible, since nowadays the economic production of many goods requires machines that are too costly for the ordinary owner to possess. There is only one ray

of truth in this argument, namely, that in a society which does not intend to cherish the institution of private property, a society which is perfectly willing to let things rip according to the laws of economic determinism, the tendency in the modern world is for the means of production to get into fewer and fewer hands. But to say that this tendency is a law of nature, and that it cannot be thwarted, is to say a lie. If the American people made up their minds that they really wished to return to a system of private property, it would be quite possible for the modern tools of production to be owned on a share-system by companies whose shares had a real meaning. The first step towards such a system would be to break the existing credit-monopoly, which gives finance the power to make all so-called ownership a joke. The second step would be to pass laws to foster and protect the small owner, creating artificial disadvantages in the way of enormous concentrations of ownership. The details of such a programme have been worked out, and can be found in the literature of distributism; they need not be repeated here. But what does need constant repetition is that there is nothing about modern machine technique which makes the system of distributed private property impossible. It may be true that the system would cost something, that it would be slightly "uneconomic" as compared with the capitalistic concentration of ownership. But if the American people decide they want to own real property, there is no reason to believe they lack the fortitude to pay the price. Heaven knows they have a potential abundance out of which to pay it.

The real reason why modern industrialism has tended to destroy private property, and to be a curse instead of a blessing, is because the industrial revolution took place in eighteenth century England, which was already a capitalist country, a land where most of the means of production were owned by a very few people and where control over the national credit had already been taken away from the Government and been made the monopoly

of a tiny group. In such circumstances, as Mr. Belloc and others have repeatedly pointed out, the effect of the machine was to aggravate an already nasty state of affairs, to increase the already unpardonable gulf between the Two Nations. Had the machine first come to a nation in which private property was widely distributed, it could have increased the common wealth, increased the amount of property that the normal family held. Instead, it led rapidly to the state described with such ferocious indifference by the nineteenth century economists, who spent evil hours proving the obvious falsehood that it was " scientifically " impossible for the proletariat ever to get more than a bare subsistence wage, or to possess anything but the clothes that were falling off its back.

It was under such auspices, and with such bad example, that industrialism spread to America. It is no wonder that there, too, it worked hand in hand with the growing system of capitalism for the death of private property. But the fact that it did so work is no proof that it had to, or that it must be allowed to go on working in that fashion to the end. The instinct for private property is still a live thing in America; it is the task for conservatives to foster it. To accomplish this task they must do three things. First, they must destroy the illusion that capitalism is a system of private property. Second, they must destroy the illusion that industrialism is incompatible with private property. Third, they must strive to rouse an active, conscious demand from the American people for a return to a state of things wherein most families may reasonably hope to hold a share of the nation's means of production.

If they can do all this they can preserve America, not only from communism, the threat of the future, but from the dictatorship of Big Business, the threat of to-day. For it is quite on the cards that just as the old liberalism of the Progressive Era died away into Harding and the Ohio Gang, so the new liberalism, if unalleviated with conservative thought, may die away into fascism and the modern slave state.

Central America and the United States

By Rawdon Hoare

"AT the Pan-American Conference,* on the afternoon of December 9th, 1933, there was a frank debate on intervention, which was mainly directed towards the United States. Delegates from Haiti, Cuba and Venezuela made impassionate accusations against interference of the United States in their internal affairs. Senor Puig (Mexico) said, the Monroe Doctrine humiliated Latin America. Other speakers saw a clear connection between intervention and actual war, and demanded that both should cease.

Mr. Hull (United States Secretary of State) stated that no Government need fear the menace of their intervention, since President Roosevelt was determined scrupulously to follow the policy which he had embodied in his declarations since March 4th, 1933. As in previous declarations, Mr. Hull created a good impression without saying anything definite. All the delegates approved of a non-interference pact, except the United States, which approved, with reservations."

The pros and cons of Washington's policy in the past relating to Central American affairs are difficult to define. But it seems certain that Mr. Roosevelt intends to make a change, and to tread more warily over the glowing embers of Caribbean revolt, though it is difficult to understand how the United States can cease "meddling" with the affairs of these mis-ruled Republics, when such a vast amount of American capital has been emptied into the pot of political turmoil.

Year by year, the newspapers announce some fresh disturbance flaring up in one or other of the Caribbean States, which places foreign life and property in grave danger. America has been forced frequently to intervene

* *The Times*, December 20th.

so as to protect, not only the lives of American citizens, but also those of the foreign community, for revolutions hatch in the course of a few hours and sometimes intervention, with all possible speed, becomes necessary if disastrous loss of foreign life is to be avoided.

If the United States signs a pact of non-interference, then there will be nobody to police the Caribbean coast and past events have shown only too clearly that the Republics cannot be left to their own devices without endangering foreign interests. It is not that the assurances of the Presidents are worthless, for they are not; it is merely that revolutions have taken such a part in the life of Central America, that the inhabitants find it strange and unnatural to exist without them. The good intentions of those in power are often unquestionable, but revolutions in themselves breed bandits and all kinds of other unpleasant people, who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by dipping their fingers into the foreign pie. During these frequent disturbances, the Republics are left helpless in the hands of revolutionary and bandit chiefs, while the outgoing Presidents and other executives find themselves fully occupied in "flight" and quite unable to protect foreign interests.

The hidden fires of ill-feeling burn long in Central America, and an incendiary, such as the Nicaraguan disturbances in 1926–27, is inclined to feed the flames of the past—best forgotten. The year was unfortunate, for the Pan-American Conference was to meet in Havana in January, 1928, and delegates from the United States were preparing their speeches for the event. They had no wish for a sting from the Nicaraguan nettle.

In 1909, the United States intervened in the affairs of Nicaragua, when two American citizens, Cannon and Grove, were executed after most terrible torture. A revolution followed, but peace was eventually restored, and in 1910 President Diaz invited the Marines to occupy Nicaraguan territory. But in 1924, affairs seemed so tranquil that President Coolidge withdrew the Marines.

The result was unfortunate, and no one was more shocked than Mr. Coolidge when Emiliano Chamorro executed his *coup d'état* by capturing the Loma—a fortified hill overlooking Managua. The Marines returned, to find that after two years, a state of corruption existed which had previously been considered impossible—even in Nicaragua—to accomplish in so short a time.

The bluejackets and Marines put to flight General Chamorro; and the Nicaraguan Senate, on advice from Washington, elected Adolfo Diaz designate, and thus automatically President. A rain of criticism immediately descended upon the United States, and the cry echoed through Latin-America that the appointment had been forced by Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes. Once again the charge of meddling with Caribbean affairs for the benefit of American capitalists was thrown at Washington.

Had the United States recognised Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, Vice-President at the time of Chamorro's *coup d'état*, when he fled to America for money and rifles, instead of throwing him into the arms of Mexico, all might have been well and the United States would have been saved the indignity of having to outwit the Mexican entry by sending Colonel Stimpson to eliminate the activities of Dr. Sacasa and to bring the revolution to an end.

Again in 1933, nearly six years afterwards, when speeches and reports were being prepared for the same Conference—this time to sit at Monte Video—the flames of revolt shot up in Cuba, and that distressful island in the course of a few days has been transferred from serenity into a melee of murder, revolution and hate. But the United States had received her lesson. According to the Platt amendment imposed by the United States and accepted by Cuba on January 12th, 1901, the United States had the right to interfere, if necessary, in Cuban affairs, but although the horizon is dark with the clouds of revolution, Mr. Roosevelt has refused to intervene.

But foreigners in Cuba feel uneasy. The general strike declared in Havana recently was principally aimed

against foreign interests, considerable damage having been done to the rolling stock of a British owned railway, and to the sugar plantations of an American Company. Stones have been thrown at the British Legation, and a bomb, hurled at the Shellmex Oil Company's depot at Santiago, fortunately just missed the tanks. President has succeeded President and for the last few months a feeling of alarm has existed in Havana. Under Dr. San Martin—who has since fled to Mexico—the treasury became empty and insufficient money was available for paying the troops and police. In the country, matters were even more serious. There was much unemployment and much distress which resulted in many acts of violence and theft. But on January 18th, Colonel Carlos Mendieta took the reins of Government and has since been recognised by the United States. At the time of writing, the horizon looks clearer, though in the distance other storms are probably gathering in the tense atmosphere of political unrest.

Ever since the Pan-American pact of 1923, America has courted the idea of Caribbean goodwill, even so far as to turn her back on a number of minor insults heaped on American interests throughout the Spanish Main. But although officials in Washington are anxious to bask in the sunshine of friendship, they are not always prepared to place a restraining hand on the ambitious capitalists, who only look on Central America as a background for their financial activities.

There can be little doubt that American capitalists have exploited Central America to gain their own ends, and that a great deal of land has been purchased at less than a quarter of its true value, due to taking advantage of the ignorant Latin-American mind. But even had this land not been acquired by America, it is doubtful whether there could ever have been any great development by Central American Companies. Firstly, because the capital available is actually very small and secondly, the continual tampering with the funds for the benefit of

Government officials and others, would have led to financial collapse.

The great fault—a fault for which the United States pays dearly—is the attitude of American Companies towards the Republics. The soils of Central America are rich, and companies can easily afford a few thousands dollars extra when purchasing land, which in no way will affect their profits, but greatly assist towards Latin-American goodwill. So frequently executives seem proud at having obtained land at a ridiculously low figure, failing to realise the harm which has been done to American interests as a whole.

After hurricanes and storms, which often sweep the Caribbean coast, landowners will frequently mortgage their properties to the nearest American Company operating in the particular country. Providing the estate has suitable soils, the Company readily accepts, and in due time when the debtor fails to pay the necessary interest, forecloses on the property and adds it to the company estate. Now, this all sounds quite legitimate and good business. But actually it is not. In the first place, the average Latin-American has little idea of the value of his land, and in the second place, when entering into the agreement, he has no idea of what a mortgage means, or how the amount will ever be repaid and sometimes—unused to the handling of a large sum—the money advanced will be used for gambling and drink. When the Company forecloses, the man feels a grudge, realising that a means of easy livelihood has been removed. The whole transaction has been perfectly legal, but has done a great deal of harm to Latin-American goodwill. Many of the most valuable estates in Central America have been acquired in this manner.

The United States is greatly to blame for sending, so frequently, the wrong type of man to the diplomatic service in Central America. That playground for American capitalists has long been looked upon as a backwater for American diplomacy. It is not until a

disturbance of major importance occurs, that men of real ability and understanding are sent to straighten matters out. So much misunderstanding in the past might have been avoided had the United States selected her men with greater care. And again, the employees of American companies are often ignorant and quite unwilling to understand the Latin-American mind.

In nearly all the Republics a great deal of grumbling is heard about American Companies having usurped all the coastal lands. But the numerous benefits received from American capital are forgotten. The excellent up-to-date hospitals built along the coast of the Caribbean which are available to all the inhabitants are in themselves worthy of some gratitude. The coastal areas in the past were exceedingly unhealthy, due to mosquito invested swamps, many of which have now been drained at enormous expense.

Railroads have been almost entirely built with American capital, and are mostly maintained under supervision from the United States. A town, such as Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras—when communications have been left to local initiative—takes three days to reach by road over muddy tracks and broken bridges. From the coast to Bogota in Colombia, there is no railway and the capital is dependent on its communications to river steamers which are both slow and unsafe. But excellent air services have now been organised in most of the Republics with pilots and money sent from the United States.

The production of bananas is one of the main interests of American companies in Central America. Colombia*, Honduras, Panama, Costa Rica and Guatemala together ship over ninety million stems a year to the United States, Canada and Europe. But the sight of this remunerative fruit on a coster's barrow hardly creates

* The Republic of Colombia is not actually included in Central America, now that Panama has declared itself independent. But the interests of Colombia are the same as those of the Central American States.

the atmosphere of intrigue and revolution under which it is grown! One of the largest organisations operating on the coast of the Caribbean, is the United Fruit Company. Besides owning thousands of acres of banana plantations, they also control, to a large extent, the passenger and cargo services of the Republics with a fleet of ships, known as the Great White Fleet. These ships are a familiar sight, sailing through the tropical seas, picking up passengers here, unloading cargoes there, as they ply their trade between the countries of the ancient Mayas, on the seas once made dangerous by buccaneers in search of ships laden with Spanish gold.

The Republic of Honduras is one of the most important banana producing countries, and contributes twenty-five million bunches towards the world requirements each year. But the conditions are by no means ideal, and the constant difficulties raised by an unstable government, and the continual revolutions or scares of revolutions throughout the country make it difficult for the United Fruit Company and other organizations to operate.

Revolution upon revolution has swept over the country, and in 1924 the United States was forced to intervene, landing bluejackets and marines at Tela—a port of considerable importance—for the purpose of protecting foreign life and property. The foreigners had experienced an unpleasant time, having been forced to barricade themselves into their houses for protection against both the Government and revolutionary troops. The cruiser Denver was called, on two different occasions, before order could be restored. Then in 1926, there was trouble again and an American battleship had to hover outside the three mile limit and watch over events.

General Bonilla's attempted *coup d'état* in 1931 was fortunately frustrated in time, but not until American intervention had been threatened, and three foreigners had lost their lives.

Government concessions for land, railroads, and

bridges are a continual source of trouble between American Companies and the respective governments of the Republics in which they operate. Whereas one government will grant certain concessions, the next Government, when placed in power, will frequently either try to cancel the arrangement or repudiate certain clauses, causing great inconveniences to the company concerned. But persuasion to withdraw this troublesome attitude can usually be arranged by a donation to the party funds—the size of which will depend on the importance of the concession!

The squatter or small farmer problem is another difficult question to settle amicably. Squatters continually settle down to farm, in a small way, on pieces of land belonging to the Government. When the concession of the land is given over to a foreign Company—then it becomes necessary to shift the squatter farther on, for he holds no titles whatever, and is there solely on sufferance. Companies, as a whole, behave generously and usually compensate the man fairly for any time or money that he may have expended. But it can be readily understood that the ignorant peon would not in many cases understand the transaction, and it often leads to anti-foreign propaganda and even sometimes to disastrous murders.

Many thousands have been expended over title-deeds, and the writer found, when investigating the titles of an American Company, that it is not uncommon for a tract of land to be purchased, and afterwards a genuine title produced showing prior claim to a small piece located in the centre of the original purchase! Most of the large Companies are forced to maintain a special legal department, with their own representatives in the capital town, for the purpose of dealing with the endless claims and lawsuits that are for ever in motion. Intervention of a political nature from the United States, except for the purpose of protecting life and property is dreaded by the executives of American Companies,

for it would mean more stable government with taxation probably increased. There might also be some awkward questions to answer over the terms of certain concessions.

In Columbia, ill-feeling goes back to the Panama Canal controversy in 1903, when the Colombian Senate refused to ratify the Hay Hessan Treaty, signed by the United States and the Colombian Government in January of that year. Among other things, this Treaty gave the United States a piece of land six miles wide for the purpose of operating the Canal.

But in November, 1903, things changed, when Panama revolted and declared itself independent. Within a month, a new Republic having been formed, the Hay-Burrow-Varilla Treaty was drawn up, and the United States was granted territory ten miles wide! Colombia was furious and accused Washington of meddling with Panamanian affairs. A period of mutual recriminations followed, and not until December, 1921, were the differences between the United States and Colombia adjusted by the Thompson-Urrutia Treaty, which gave an indemnity of $25,000,000 to Colombia for the loss of Panama. Washington had realized at last that, so long as the Panamanian nettle flourished, the position of Americans in Colombia would not be agreeable. But it was too late, and although a dim glow of cordiality is apparent on the surface, Colombia still has feelings of distrust for the United States.

Among other annoyances, the constant obstruction to American Companies has been so effectual that managers have been known to retire in a state of nervous collapse*—their offices having been surrounded by dangerous mobs demanding impossible concessions—their motor cars fired at and their lives generally made exceedingly unpleasant. And when American diplomatists have alluded to the matter in Bogota, officials have raised their eyebrows and expressed surprise, but at the same time licking their lips for the sweet taste of Panamanian

* The writer has personally witnessed such a disturbance.

revenge. Washington is unable to rap Colombia over the knuckles for fear of an outcry from the adjoining States.

Life on the plantations and mines of Central America is not without excitement, for frequently the employees of foreign companies are in danger of their lives when dealing with the drink-loving peons, who are turned by the influence of aquadiente—a locally distilled rum—from peaceful men into raging demons.

Month after month the toll of British and American life is taken and should a pact of non-intervention be signed by the United States, then this toll will steadily increase.

Yet even as I complete these pages, the memories of political strife, revolutions, murders and the other hectic episodes of Central American life seem to fade away in the distance. In their place, echo the sounds of the dense jungle, the crash of falling trees felled by hundreds of hands, while preparing the land for cultivation. The rumble of trains thundering through the forests and plantations day and night, sometimes to be held up by flooding rivers, sometimes by broken levees and forest fires, but ultimately to haul their cargoes to the coast for shipment to the markets of the world.

The Isles of the Blest

By Francis Stuart

THE level flying-field stretched away in front of the corrugated hangars that glistened with heat under the deep blue sky. A small two-seater airplane cast black shadows with its wings on the parched yellowish-green grass. Sergius Maklakov, ex-Prince of Imperial Russia, sat back on a packing case just inside the shade of a hangar. He wore a khaki shirt, open at the neck, and an old green hat pulled down over his eyes. He had a thin brown face and there were thin shadowed creases from his nose to the corners of his long mouth.

There was a mechanic working on a dismantled engine back in the hangar. It was very quiet except for the occasional ring of metal on metal as the mechanic's tool knocked a cylinder head. Maklakov glanced down at a newspaper on his knees and away again across the level grass into the distance where everything merged into a greyish-green shimmer on the horizon. To the left the flying-field sloped into sand hills that curved in a crescent forming a little bay sheltered from the Atlantic.

Maklakov had got a job as pilot to this small Irish aerodrome a month or two before. The job would only last for the summer. Taking summer visitors for five-minute flips. That was what his work consisted of mostly. The equipment comprised two rather old two-seater aeroplanes and a moderately up-to-date and efficient sea-plane that at the present moment was anchored in the little bay. So far the venture had not proved much of a success. Mike Slattery, the owner of the concern, sat in his cheap concrete office smoking cigarettes and expecting the bailiffs in anytime.

"I started in too big," he kept telling Maklakov, tilting back his chair with a cigarette hung from his lip. "What the hell did I want to go and give nearly two thousand for that sea-plane for? Look at the blasted

junk floating there and not earning me three quid a week."

But that sea-plane was the one thing that Maklakov cared about in the place. Somehow he felt a sort of sympathy for it. A beautiful, efficient machine lying there amid the tin-pot bungalows and wooden shacks of the "resort." Only leaving the water to take gaping trippers for a ten minutes' joy ride. It was his own sombre pride that made him feel a companionship with it. He and it, he thought, had been meant for something else than this futile existence. He and that sea-plane, he felt, were two exiles in a slightly hostile land. Or two race-horses condemned to draw carts. He thought of lots of comparisons like that and all the time he kept it tuned up and spick and span, expending upon it his skill and energy lovingly.

And because he was always to be seen tinkering at it in his spare time, and because it was one of the few things he talked about with any enthusiasm, the sea-plane was nicknamed "The Princess" at the aerodrome. And Maklakov felt that this was a sort of jibe at both of them, for being, subtly, different, and for being, less subtly, failures.

He moved the packing-case in a bit as the sun came round. He took up the paper again; glanced without much interest down the columns. He read the horse-racing news over again. Race-horses! Beautiful, perfect things in a world that was drab and smug and mediocre. He sat forward with his shoulders hunched up staring at the dry sandy earth from which the grass had been worn away at the door of the hangar. As though his wild romantic dreams might take root in that poor, parched soil.

"Hey, you!"

He looked up slowly from under the black shadow of his old hat. There was a party of girls and young men gathered round the aeroplane in front of the hangar. The young man who had called to him sauntered over.

"Can you take us up two at a time in that?" he asked.

"No. Only one passenger," Maklakov explained.

"Why," the young man said, "that's no good; haven't you any decent aeroplanes here?"

"That's all."

"Is it a perfectly safe machine?"

"You're not thinking of going a journey in her are you?" Maklakov asked.

"Journey, me eye! We just want you to take us up for five minutes and come down again, see? And no stunting, mind you."

"Five shillings each," Maklakov said, getting up.

Maklakov glanced casually at the group as he handed them their tickets.

"Two at a time" and "Is it perfectly safe?" he repeated to himself with a cynical amusement. "My God, have they no sense of adventure apart from flirting and showing off? They even manage to vulgarize a thing like flying. A world made safe for democracy," he thought bitterly.

He swung the propellor and started to help the first young man into the cockpit, when he heard Mike call him from the office. He went across to it and Mike took him in and shut the door.

"Look here," Mike said, "I've been thinking things over and we've got to do something. I'm absolutely busted. Broke to the world. I've got to save something and what I want you to do is to take off that sea-plane before they come and seize it. What I need is time to get my head above water again. With that out of the way they'll leave me alone for a bit and when I let you know that things are looking up you bring it back again. Meanwhile you have the use of it to earn something for yourself or do what you like with and if there's an accident the insurance covers that. Now, do you know anywhere where you can clear off with it to?"

"Plenty," Maklakov said.

"Well then, clear off pretty soon. And when you settle somewhere you let me know. You see I'm trusting you because I liked you from the start. And you know your job too, I'll say that for you. But your manner is a bit too glum for the visitors. You don't somehow encourage them to come back. Well then, if you could take off to-morrow and just wait some place till you hear from me it wouldn't be too soon."

Maklakov took up the young men and girls, one after another, with a light heart that morning, until there was only one left to take. At last he and "The Princess" were free. They had all the world before them! Good-bye to joy-riders, to giggling girls and carefully blasé young men. Good-bye to circling over the sand-hills and hardly daring to look at the ocean, stretching away enticing and beckoning to far horizons. The door of the cage was opened and he was about to stretch his wings at last. They were about to fly out. Oh life, life, he thought, how unexpectedly beautiful and glamorous you are, after all. Just as one begins to despair of you and lose faith in you you open your white arms.

Maklakov scarcely noticed the last girl as he helped her into the cockpit. But just for a moment as he adjusted the canvass strap round her waist her dark eyes met his in a glance in which there was neither laughter nor timidity but a sort of brooding longing like his own.

"Hell," he thought, "she's only scared," as he revved up the engine. He knew from experience that it was the last of a party that was usually the nervous one.

He took off and left the ground in a gentle rise. The girl was in the front cock-pit and he spoke to her through the mouth-piece on the dash in front of him.

"You been up before?" he asked.

"No."

"You're all right? You like it?" They were still climbing a little, circling over the sand-hills. Her voice came back to him through the ear-phones.

"It's what I've always wanted. But to go on and on, over there." He saw her point out across the sea.

"She's play-acting like all the others, only she's got a different cue," he thought. A little office girl playing at romance for a few days in the summer. But it was not a thing he liked seeing people play at because it was so real and precious to him.

"You'd be scared stiff," he said, "when you couldn't see the coast any more and nothing in front of you for three thousand miles."

"I'd be frightened all right," she said. "But I'd overcome that. I'd make myself."

"Why," he asked. "Why would you make yourself?"

"Why," she said, "when you've waited all your life for some adventure, for something to happen, you can't let something silly like being afraid stop you. But you wouldn't know anything about that."

Maklakov smiled, looking down at the long stretch of beach and the tiny little waves curling on to it.

"Wouldn't I?" he said.

"Yes, perhaps you feel like that, too. I didn't think of that. Oh yes, you must hate taking up people for these little flights. I should have thought of that. It must be worse for you because you are always just on the edge of adventure and freedom. As for me I am more like the little bird that has been always caged and does not know what it is to fly."

They were silent for a bit and Maklakov sent the old machine along with its nose on the ocean horizon and the throttle full open and he heard the uneven roar and rattle of the engine with a grimace. He pulled the limp brim of the hat he still wore down over his eyes with a jerk. It looked as though he had been wrong. It looked as though there were others in the world besides himself who knew something about how life should really be. A girl of the summer tripper crowd was

talking to him, Sergius Maklakov, as an equal in his own special, secret sphere.

"What do you do?" he asked her.

"I'm a typist."

"Well, you go back to your typing," he said brutally, "and don't worry over real adventure and real romance. They're stark, lovely, terrible things. You take yours watered down on your half-holidays and for a fortnight in the summer. Now I'm going to turn."

He brought the aeroplane round in a steep bank so that for a moment or two the left wing tips pointed perpendicularly down at the water and the nose swung quickly round the horizon from right to left. When he had straightened up again he heard her through the ear-phones.

"And you," she said, "keep on taking up girls for five-minute flips the rest of your life and you may find some that will meet you down at the town in the evenings. That's about as far as you're ever likely to get towards your stark, lovely, terrible romance."

Maklakov hunched up his shoulders in the cockpit. What she said would have stung him an hour ago but now, because he was about to escape, it did not hurt him. "But she," he could not help thinking, "she has not found a way of escape and is not ever likely to." And he was suddenly sorry for what he had said to her.

When they landed the party with whom she had come had wandered over to the sandhills, and they were alone as he helped her out. He looked at her with interest when she had taken off the goggles. A pale face with rather large dark eyes. "Nothing extraordinary," he thought.

"Listen," Maklakov said to her, taking her by the wrist as she was about to turn away. "To-morrow morning very early I'm going to take off in that seaplane and head westwards. I've got a chance at last. Not much of a one, but I'm taking it. And if you want you can take it too. You can come with me. I may end up

in the Atlantic or I may just pull through. If you're satisfied with a chance like that you be here at six. But I imagine you want to start out on *your* quest in a saloon car on a main road with a careful driver."

"I've twenty pounds saved up," she said. "I'll bring that because we'll need it wherever we land up."

"And put on something warmer than that dress," he said, looking at the cheap, print dress that she was wearing.

"Oh yes," she said, without thinking. "Very early on a summer morning, that's when I've always thought of an adventure starting. Isn't that funny?" she asked him.

He began to see that she was really serious, that she would come.

"But I tell you," he said, "there's less than an even chance of getting through."

"It was from this shore," she said, not listening, "that Usheen and Niam rode away westwards over the sea to the Isles of the Blest."

The high, mournful note of sea-gulls pierced the still air.

"Yes, I suppose you Irish have something in your blood, too. I hadn't given you credit for that."

"And you," she asked, "where do you come from?"

He told her, and they stood for a moment looking at each other, two mad romanticists from opposite ends of Europe, and beside them the still Atlantic shimmered and glistened in the heat.

All the rest of the day and far into the night Maklakov prepared for the flight. He filled "The Princess's" two tanks to their full capacity and he stacked every available inch in the little cabin with tins of spare petrol. He got out charts from a pile that he had collected in the vague hope of just such an opportunity and studied them until it began to get light. At four he was giving the beautiful, familiar engine a last look over. Now that the hour had really come he felt anxious about the seaplane,

not for his own sake but somehow for its, like a mother who watches with mingled pride and anxiety her child about to go out into the world.

It was cool and still with that faint sense of dryness in the air that heralds heat. The waves curled in long white ruffles on to the smooth beach. At half past five he started the engine and listened with a smile to its smooth even purr. The sun was low over the sandhills and the light skimmed over the surface of the sea, catching each little wave as it lazily grew from an imperceptible green swell into a more and more pointed little ridge. Looking up from the instrument board Maklakov saw a small figure standing at the end of the waves. At her feet on the sand he saw a suitcase. "Hell," he thought, "there she is, as though she was waiting for a bus at a suburban corner. Standing there on the edge of the Atlantic waiting to get a seat to another continent or another world!" He climbed into the little collapsible boat that was part of the seaplane's equipment and rowed back to the beach for her.

"You're well on time," he said.

"You didn't think I'd be late, did you?"

Over her light dress she had on a brown coat, worn around the cuffs and collar. She had a thermos flask in her hand.

"I brought along some coffee," she said.

"You didn't bring a portable gramophone by any chance?" he asked.

He helped her into the cabin and put her suitcase up on top of the pile of petrol tins. He cast off the moorings, took up the small anchor and stowed away the boat. He slid into the bucket-seat beside hers and jerked down his hat over his brown forehead. Then he opened the throttle a little and "The Princess" began to move slowly with a little shiver and throb like a racehorse circling slowly before the tapes go up.

Maklakov knew what a lot depended on the next few moments. He had seen how low her floats had lain in the

water after he had put all the petrol tins on board, and although she was carrying two less than her full load of passengers he knew that she was very overweighted. He was doubtful whether he would be able to get enough out of her twin engines to leave the water. He brought her slowly out to sea, riding the little waves with a slight sway. He would have liked to see her bouncing more, with more buoyancy. When he had brought her out to deep water, with only an almost imperceptible rise and fall on its greenish-blue surface, he turned her half-round, parallel to the shore. About a mile and half in front of them the sandhills curved into a little headland at the southern end of the bay. "If we don't lift before we hit that," he said to himself, "we'll give up trying."

"I'd like to know your name," he said suddenly to the girl.

"Mairead," she said.

But her answer was half drowned in the roar of the engines as Maklakov opened out the throttle. "The Princess" moved forward heavily through the water and he kept pushing the lever forward with every nerve in his body registering the craft's response. Subtly he could feel buoyancy increase as the floats rose a little in the water. The speedometer needle was climbing slowly and the roar was becoming deafening after the silence of the still morning. "She won't do it. She won't do it," he repeated to himself, and deeper down a whisper answered: "Yes. Oh, yes."

They were moving fast but still not fast enough. He felt the machine shuddering, trying to cast off the heavy water that clung around her, pulling her down. Every moment the outline of the sandhills at the end of the bay were becoming clearer. But the speedometer needle was still climbing slowly with a little fluctuating movement as they rose and fell again, dragged back by the load. Twenty seconds more and they would hit the sandy head-land. And there would be the end, merged in the beginning. But now he knew they were on the

very top of the water and in a moment they were only touching it at intervals sending up a shower of spray from the floats. And the spray was rainbow-hued in the early sunlight slanting through it. He touched the stick backward and the sea-plane's nose rose, dropped a fraction in a breathless pause while he knew that all was in the balance, and then, answering surely to the tail plane, rose again, leaping forward, and the floats skimmed the long grasses on the top of the sandy ridge.

Maklakov eased the stick forward again a very little and they flew level about thirty feet above the water outside the bay, gathering speed. Gradually he brought up her nose again and at a thousand feet banked in a slow turn, still climbing, and headed out to sea.

"She did it," he exclaimed exultantly, and his eyes shone under the limp brim of his hat.

"Did we go through that sand-hill or what?" Mairead asked. "I shut my eyes at the last moment. At least I thought it was the last moment," she added.

"You didn't think of bringing any food as well as the coffee?" Maklakov asked.

"Yes, I brought some chicken that was over from supper and bread and butter. Where are we going?"

"Going?" Maklakov repeated. "To those Isles of the Blest."

He kept the course that he had set, with only an occasional glance at the large compass between his knees. He had a chart clipped to a frame on the instrument board and he kept the speedometer needle steady on the hundred and sixty mark. He flew "The Princess" fairly low over the sea that seemed to have lost all its colour and sparkled and shone like a carpet of threaded diamonds. And from behind them the sun crept higher into the sky on their left. The sun, and its light spread molten on the sea, and the sky like a blue cotton sheet, just dyed and still dripping blueness, and the tiny grey shadow of the sea-plane between. Like a moth circling

round a candle flame in an empty blue and silver room. Once from the south they saw a thin lazy curl of smoke as if someone had thrown a cigarette-end over the horizon. And Maklakov passed through this glory with his shoulders hunched up and his hat down over his forehead, but his eyes were shining like the sea.

Towards noon the ring of the horizon became less clear. Gradually it faded as though a brush charged with translucent greyness smoothed the sea and sky where they met into one. Then there was neither sky nor sea but just a globular film of changing colour as though they were in the centre of an enormous soap-bubble. And it seemed to Mairead that it might burst at any moment and the whole dream with it and she be back in front of a typewriter keyboard; the little bird shut into its cage again. "The Princess" flew without faltering as if she too had been waiting all her short life for this, and the even drone of her engines filled the empty, silent spaces like a monotonous and yet triumphant song.

At four the second tank was running low and Maklakov shut off the engines. And the sudden silence flooded round them so that they seemed about to drown in the sweet depths of space and silence. Only the dropping altimeter needle could tell them that they were descending. All direction was lost in the translucent walls of the enormous bubble. But suddenly and unexpectedly the bubble burst and below them a sheet of dark-green, slightly ruffled silk lay spread to catch them.

Maklakov brought the sea-plane down with the slightest of shudders in mid-Atlantic. "There can't be many days in the whole year when you could do this," he thought. They were riding higher now than in the little bay, the wings tilting and swaying on the long swell like the movements of a slow dance. Maklakov stood up and stretched himself. He was so stiff that he swayed on his feet and could hardly balance in the tilting cabin. He poured tin after tin of petrol

into the empty tanks. The empty tins he threw into the sea and they floated round like the debris in a back yard.

"Ten hours without a mis-fire," he said proudly. They finished what remained of the coffee and ate some food. He left the engines ticking over. He looked at the girl. A pale face and dark eyes, rather large. Nothing remarkable.

"Why don't you take off that hat?" she said.

"All right." He sent it spinning out over the water and it dropped among the floating tins. It had been to him a sort of shield against the drabness and smugness of life under whose shade he remained aloof and sombre. Now he didn't need it any more. Now the drabness and smugness had been washed out of life and he could meet it laughing face to face.

"One day, long ago, in Petersburg," he said, "when I was only a boy, my father took me to present me to the Tsar. My father was one of Nicolas' generals. I remember the small room in the Winter Palace that the Tsar was sitting in at a table and how disappointed I was with it. The Tsar took my hand and I remember how cold it felt."

"'One day you will be one of my son's generals,' he said. 'Always remember that, Sergius. That is your object in life. That is what you must live for. You are dedicated from this day to the service of Russia through my son. Promise to me now that you will always be faithful to that holy trust.'"

"And did you promise?" Mairead asked.

"No," Maklakov said. "At that moment for the first time something in me rebelled. I felt that I could never have my life ordered for me like that. I would have sooner died. I suddenly felt all the sweetness of freedom and I knew that if I ever denied that freedom, that romance of life, I would never be happy again. I just hung my head and said nothing. I think they thought that I was overcome with shyness and were not

displeased. So in that moment I vowed myself not to Russia but to something greater than Russia. I did not know exactly what it was then. It's only now that I'm beginning to know. Well," he said, "we'd better be getting on."

Because they were flying with the sun the afternoon was lengthened out. Maklakov's back and legs ached with the strain of keeping his feet continually on the rudder bar. The sky was very clear again, deepening in colour, and the sun was almost straight in front of them. The engines droned on without faltering and the sea-plane's nose pushed forward like a thick finger-tip moving stealthily along a blue curtain, trying to find an opening in it. Then the sun, after balancing for what seemed a long time on the rim of the sea, slipped below it. They were left alone under the enormous, empty dome. The speedometer needle had been creeping round the dial under the diminishing load and now Maklakov opened the throttle three-quarters way in a last burst after the vanished sun.

As the first star trembled like a polished pin-head in the deepening blue they saw a faint smudge along the horizon in front of them.

"Canada," Maklakov said and dared for the first time in several hours to glance at the petrol-gauge. The second tank was almost empty.

He flew along the darkening coast a few miles and brought the sea-plane down into a sheltered inlet. It was some moments before he could pull himself out of his seat. He threw out the anchors and as he stepped into the little boat after the girl he kissed the metal side of "The Princess."

They plodded slowly over a gravelly beach and over a grassy field towards lights in the distance. A big man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth appeared out of the dusk and in the background they saw the shadow of a long low shed.

"I just seen you come in on that sea-plane," the man

said. "I thought maybe you came over in answer to that advertisement I had in the papers for a pilot. I'm doing a fine trade with the summer visitors at two dollars a flight and I'm opening out with another plane."

Mairead and Sergius looked at each other in the dusk. He dropped the little suit-case at their feet and they both began to laugh. The big man turned his back and walked away.

"Well of all the fools to think we could escape so easily. It isn't places that mean anything," he said.

"That's right," she answered happily. "We've come all this way and what do we find at the end?"

"Each other, of course," he said.

Pious Rabbit

By Kenneth Hare

BESIDE a turfy altar kneeled
A pious rabbit, and appealed
To Nature, from the grotto where
His burrow was, and this his pray'r,—
" My wife, myself, our children sweet,
Live but to furnish others' meat,
Or 'scaping beasts, the farmer's gun
Sends us to gloomy Acheron,
Where dainty browsing there is none.
And then you gave the nightingale
Her song : the peacock, length of tail :
The fox, his wiles : to each there is
Some gift peculiarly his.
Thus ev'ry creature has his boon
Save I, your coney, I have none.
Then, bounteous Nature, mother me,
And no more thus my step-dame be."
Then straightway by the grotto side,
Lusty, and brown, and wanton eyed.
With heavenly yet with rustic air,
And half her splendid bosom bare,
Her locks enwreath'd with flow'rs and corn,
The Goddess of the Plenteous Horn
Addressed her lop-ear'd votary,—
" What ! Do I hear my rabbit cry ?
And art thou not above the crowd,
Pre-eminently well endowed ?
Within thy foolish rabbit brain,
Excogitate thy case again,
Hast thought how often thou mak'st love ?
Above all creatures of the grove !
If beasts upon thy life take hold,
That but prevents thee growing old,
Thou liv'st but while thou'rt young and gay,
Rabbit, with thee 'tis ever May !
But if love's joys to please thee fail,

I'll change thy gift for song or tail."
" Nay, mighty Goddess, hold ! " cries he,
" Thou *art* my bounteous mother free !
No step-dame ! Stay ! Reverse my pray'r
And pray leave all things as they were !
For should I disappoint the wife,
Oh that were pity of my life !
And then, at dusk, I have a tryst—— "
Nature in a rosy mist,
Smiling, withdrew : " My furry friend,
Your life is merry, though it end."

A Gastronomic Masterpiece

By Ambrose Heath

EVERY now and then there is an outcry against the fare provided by the innkeepers of the British Isles, sometimes on the score of it badness and sometimes as a protest against its lack of enterprise. The dubious excellence of those meals is an easy prey to carpers, but latterly a more subtle form of attack (and in my opinion a far more justifiable one) has been adopted. The innkeeper's ideas, cry the critics, are all wrong. Whipped into a semblance of gastronomic activity, he rushes into print with strange dishes barely recognizable in a hybrid vocabulary that is neither kitchen French nor English, and from his perplexed kitchens emerges a bill of fare which he deludedly calls a menu and which comprises a series of travesties, by name and preparation, of such dishes as are familiar to him from the international cuisine. But this is wrong. He cannot hope, say his mentors, to cook like a Frenchman, so why should he offer us so-called French dishes? Let him give his soi-disant chef the sack, engage (if he can) an honest English cook, and give us downright honest English food. We expect and want no more, nor do the motorists of other nations who, passing in vain from inn to inn, hope to accompany their enjoyment of British scenery by the more material joys of the food for which England has been famous. Where, they ask, can be found the many local dishes which were once on everyone's lips and in everybody's mouth, too? Where can we get the Flummery of yesteryear, the Cornish Pasties and Hoggans, Oxford or Cambridge sausages, Hog's Puddings, and all the pies, puddings, meats, cakes and sauces of which we have read so much? Not from shops, but from the inns in those places where these fine old favourites had their origin. In our travels why should we not be allowed to wed the eye with the palate, and truly taste the glories of our countryside?

This outburst has been prompted by a remarkable

piece of work which in the past years has been accomplished in France. I shall be told, and rightly, that the parallel is not a fair one, and I agree; but it is worthy of emulation to the best of our ability. The French are, of course, far more food-minded than we are. The average Englishman is inclined to look a little shamefacedly upon the subject of food, and the Englishwoman would never betray the same interest in the table as her Continental sisters. Geographically we are nothing like as rich in foodstuffs as our neighbours across the Channel, and we do not possess the same traditions of cooking as they do. I am not referring to the art of high cookery which reached its zenith in the reign of Le Roi Soleil, an art which in fact was brought to France out of Italy, but to the more simple and indigenous cookery of the provinces, and it is with this native expression of a nation's personality that the work referred to is concerned.

A few gourmets have toiled together to produce a complete catalogue of the regional dishes of France, not only for the sake of their preservation but in a deliberate effort to add to the attractions of their country by offering in their own regions the dishes which are indigenous to them, dishes which have been evolved out of the particular products of that region and grown out of the kitchens of the people. The work is three-fold. First there is a map of France, a Carte Gastronomique, on which at a glance you can see the different local specialities. For example, travellers to the Savoy will find the outline of that province crowded with names of foodstuffs and famous dishes which they can expect to find there. They will see where best to order their crayfish, their *gratin savoyard*, the different fishes of the lakes and rivers, their mushrooms, the various game, the famous *vacherin*, and so on. Voyaging, like Napoleon's army, throughout the length and breadth of France on their stomach, they will be able to taste the idiosyncrasies of the countryside in the garlicky dishes of Provence, the

vinous preparations of Burgundy and Bordeaux, the delicacies of the Ile de France and those districts round Paris which the map proudly designates Le Centre Gastronomique du Monde. Secondly, there is a volume richly entitled Le Trésor Gastronomique de France, which sets forth the culinary repertory of the thirty-two provinces, each prefaced by a map and consisting of a list of natural products, a *carte du menu* giving items under the headings of sauces, soups, hors d'œuvre, fish, meat, vegetables, pastes, poultry, game, cheeses, sweets, cakes and so on, a list of wines and, most valuable of all, a catalogue of towns with the specialities for which each is famous. Thirdly, Comte Austin de Croze has gathered together a book of fourteen hundred recipes of " succulent and traditional recipes from all the French Provinces." With the aid of these three works, we can not only plan a new Sentimental Journey, but can repeat in our own kitchens some of the pleasures of the table which we then encountered.

It is an amazing piece of work and an astounding revelation of the culinary riches of what has been called the gourmet's paradise. But a word of warning must be uttered. In his last book, which described some such sentimental journey rather in skeleton, Marcel Boulestin, who has already done so much to popularize French traditional cooking in this country and in doing so has contributed much to raising the standard of our upper and middle class kitchens, prefaces his journey by a few very wise remarks. Just as many of our inns have been spoiled by the demand for a spuriously French table d'hôte, so many French specialities have disappeared in the hotel-keeper's anxiety to give his English and American visitors the kind of food he imagines they enjoy at home, instead of the very things they have come to sample. The motor car is bringing in its wake not a demand for the old dishes but an epidemic of identically managed hotels where the tourist will repeat the same endless meals of the same almost standardized ingredients.

With the modern craze for speed and carelessness in manners he will rush from place to place, calling for food at all hours of the day, with never a thought for the art of good living which requires at any rate a modicum of time and quiet. Rather dismally M. Boulestin forsees that meals will be the same all the world over, a prediction that brings us nearer the day when we shall all be pill-fed with no time for anything but work. But he adds a word of comfort, too, for his strictures apply only to the larger hotels which have been built specially for the tourist, and he tells us that in many places in the French provinces the old traditions are still observed, and these the traveller must seek out for himself.

Britain cannot, of course, hope to vie with this magnificence, and for that reason the preservation of our national dishes should be an easier matter. The greatest masters of cookery have admitted that English cooking, when applied to its own dishes, can be second to none, but how seldom do we get a chance of sampling it! It is all, I suppose, a matter of demand. If enough of us would try and insist on finding a local speciality in a country inn, it would not be long before it was provided, but if we were to stop our car at an inn, say, in Cornwall, I would lay a wager of any amount that we should never be offered a pasty, and I doubt very much whether any hotels in any county run a special dish which is a local delicacy. I have more than once urged this course on what I though was a receptive landlord, but with no result. In these days when there is a revival of interest in food, an enterprising landlord who made a feature of a local dish, would I am sure find it well worth his while; for with the motor car good news travels fast.

What can we do about it? The preparation of a gastronomic map of England would hardly meet the case, and it would, I fear, be very sparsely marked. There would be no difficulty in setting down the various local specialities, but this would be useless unless we knew that we could eat them there. Melton Mowbray pies

can be bought all over the country, but we should want to know where in Melton Mowbray we could sit down in comfort to consume one. Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding should be at its best in Yorkshire, but is there an inn in that county where you could be certain of this admirable dish on any day in the year? We should want to know the best place to taste Lancashire Hot-Pot and pickled cabbage, or Cowheel Soup, or Tripe. There is, it is true, an admirable book of English dishes compiled by Miss Florence White, who founded the English Folk Cookery Association, and here at any rate are preserved some of the recipes we want. But this is the wrong end of the stick for our present purpose, and it is the places to eat them in that are needed.

It seems, therefore, that we must try and bring pressure to bear on the hotel and inn-keepers and endeavour to persuade them that it is to their advantage (as I am sure it would be) to " feature " our native dishes, if only on two or three days a week. But they must keep it up. I went recently to an inn in Wiltshire where I had been told you could eat a special cheese cake. It was mid-week; and on asking for it, I was told that they only offered it during the week-ends when they had more customers. I fear that unless travellers can be educated to ask for such things, and inn-keepers to supply them, the task is hopeless.

But there is no doubt that a movement of this kind would be of immense service to visitors to this country, and here we might obtain some help. The increasing number of foreigners who spend their time in motoring here and there, deserve something better than the meals they will probably get. They have heard about our English cooking (if unfavourably, let us surprise them), and it is our own peculiar dishes they want rather than the odd imitations of their own fare which more likely than not will be set before them. The inn-keepers who cater for this desire will reap a reward not only from their grateful countrymen, but from the foreigner, too; and

the towns which can attract by these means (remembering that on the whole the foreigner pays more attention to his food than we do) will increase their custom. Perhaps this thought is not unworthy of consideration by Chambers of Commerce? In any case, the British Travel Association and The Wine and Food Society are both interested parties. A little propaganda in the right quarter would almost certainly earn the gratitude of all who prefer to eat rather than to feed.

Prohibition in India. A Side-light on the working of the Montagu Chelmsford Scheme

By F. Slocock

IN view of the now admitted failure of Prohibition in the U.S.A., it may be interesting to examine the results of an attempt to introduce Prohibition into a province of British India.

In 1921, the Legislative Council, recently established under the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme in the Central Provinces, passed a Resolution demanding that the Minister in charge of Excise, a transferred subject, should administer this branch in a manner calculated to bring about complete prohibition of Country Liquor. The Government of the Province, through the Minister, accepted this Resolution. Since that time, the Excise administration of the Province has been conducted on the lines of decreasing the number of shops for the sale of country liquor, reducing the strength of the licit liquor, increasing the rates of duty, and of dealing as strictly as possible with all breaches of the law, especially with offences of illicit distillation.

The effect of this policy can be seen very clearly in the following figures :—

Year.	*Shops for Sale of Country Liquor.*	*Licit Consumption in Proof Gallons.*	*Revenue from Duty.*	*No. of Cases of Illicit Distillation.*
1920	3525	1,469,000	1,56,00,000	471
1932	1931	305,000	63,00,000	3745

These figures show very clearly that the Central Provinces Government has done its best to carry out the prohibition policy laid down for it by the Legislative Council, at the cost of enormous loss of revenue, and

heavy increase of expenditure on establishments to enforce the law.

Yet in the face of these striking proofs, at a recent meeting of the Legislative Council a Resolution was moved and very nearly carried censuring the Minister in charge of the Excise for his failure to carry out the policy!

The Minister in charge defended himself and his Department in a very able speech, in the course of which he made some startling disclosures of the effect of the policy on the people of the Province, and I make no apology for giving some extracts of the more important passages. He said :—

"*What exactly was the policy which the Government accepted in* 1921? *It was that the prohibition of Country Liquor was the ultimate goal. Let me now review the attempts made by Government to carry out that policy. On* 1919–20, *the consumption of licit Country Liquor was* 1,469,877 *proof gallons, and the average number of cases of illicit distillation was* 471 *a year. In* 1928, *the last normal year from the point of view of economic conditions, the consumption was* 470,970 *proof gallons, and illicit Distillation cases were* 1,455. *The measures of Government certainly led to a genuine reduction of consumption, but there can be no doubt that it also diverted much licit consumption into illicit channels. The figures for succeeding years are interesting.*"

Year.	Consumption in Proof Gallons.	Illicit Distillation Cases.
1919	4,79,020	1,676
1930	3,21,677	1,912
1931	1,95,446	2,481
1932	1,88,041	3,889
1933	3,05,872	3,745

"*Let me now quote some figures showing the financial sacrifice. At one time our Excise Revenue was Rs.* 156 *Lakhs. In* 1930–31 *it had dropped to* 86 *lakhs; next year saw it fall to* 67, *and in the year before last to* 63 *lakhs.*

In the current year we anticipate only 58 *lakhs, nearly a crore less than ten years ago."*

" Meanwhile nothing has been done by the public to encourage temperance. Apart from the efforts of isolated organizations like the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Jubbulpore and lectures by Government Health Publicity Officers no educative propoganda in favour of temperance has been organized by the public."

" I assure the House that the situation in regard to illicit distillaton is very grave. Each case of illicit distillation means one still seized. One still is capable of distilling ten gallons of liquor in two hours and it may fairly be assumed that every illicit still seized has distilled at least 80 *gallons before detection. It follows that the stills seized in the last year must have produced about* 300,000 *gallons of liquor, almost as much as the total licit consumption. But officers with long experience assure me that for one case of illicit distillation detected, four go undetected. The logical conclusion should be disquieting to anyone who is not blinded by preconceived notions."*

Now it must be admitted that the picture painted by the Minister of the results of the policy is black enough. Yet it should be remembered that the Minister was only concerned to defend himself and his Department against a charge of slackness in carrying it out. He was not criticising the policy itself, in fact he probably approved of it, and so he put the case in as favourable a light as possible. For instance, he failed to mention the increase in the army of petty Excise officials, the increase in the number of spies and informers, or the enormous addition to the work entailed on the police, who are expected to assist in the discovery and prosecution of illicit distillations and other Excise cases. Nor did he say anything about the number of cases of forcible resistance to Excise officers.

But the worst feature in the whole story is one of which the Minister was probably entirely ignorant, and that is the large number of short term imprisonments

inflicted on otherwise harmless and simple rustics who have been found guilty of illicit distillation. Let me explain. In pre-prohibition days, when liquor shops were more numerous and liquor was sold at a reasonable price, illicit distillation was comparatively rare and was confined chiefly to jungly tracts, where people had a long distance to go to reach a licensed shop. Such cases when detected could be dealt with by a small fine. The case is different now. Liquor shops are few and far between; a man may have to walk as much as nine or ten miles to the nearest shop. Under the Excise regulations, no one is allowed to have in his possession more than one bottle of liquor without a special permit, which must usually be obtained from a School Master. The liquor obtainable at a licensed shop is very weak. Is it surprising that ignorant unsophisticated rustics, faced with these difficulties in obtaining their perfectly reasonable requirements, prefer to distill their own liquor, which they can easily do at a cost which will give them 20 or 30 gallons of liquor for the price of less than one bottle of licit liquor?

The District Officers have been instructed to deal firmly with offenders detected in illicit distillation, and as such offenders are nearly always poor people, they cannot pay a heavy fine, and the result is that most of them incur a sentence of imprisonment, either substantive or in default of payment of fine, which may run from a month to as much as three months. It would not be surprising to hear that the increase in the number of detected illicit distillation cases from 500 to nearly 4,000 a year has meant the addition of nearly 4,000 persons annually to the jail population. And let it be remembered that these offenders are in no way of a criminal tendency; they are mostly simple and law-abiding persons, who, through a policy which they do not understand, are prevented from getting their reasonable requirements in the way of drink, and on detection are compelled to go to jail where they have to associate with criminals.

They do not understand that these results flow from a policy adopted by their own so-called popular representatives, and they naturally place the blame for it on the Executive Government and on the British Raj. The scandal of sending such persons to jail to consort with criminals, and the danger of this policy creating an attitude of lawlessness and disaffection in otherwise law-abiding communities, was pointed out some years ago to the Government of the Central Provinces by one of its senior officers, but the only effect was to bring down on his head a censure for trying to put a spoke in the wheel of Diarchy.

In view of the state of affairs disclosed above, it may be of interest to see how it came about that the administration of the Excise Department, involving as it does the welfare and interests of the lower working classes, and of the backward and aboriginal tribes, came to be entrusted to a Minister instead of remaining as a Reserved subject under the control of the Executive Government. It will be remembered that after the presentation of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, a Committee was appointed to tour India and to draw up, after consulting with Local Governments and collecting local opinions, a list of the branches of administration to be Reserved and to be Transferred. As a result of the report of this Committee, the then Government of India decided to recommend the transfer of Excise. I have no papers to show how far Local Governments supported this Transfer, though I believe most of them did so, but I know that in giving evidence before the Committee, a few experienced officers did urge the strong objections to the transfer of Excise. They pointed out that, under the canons laid down in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report itself, the subjects to be selected for Transfer should be those which afford most opportunity for local knowledge and for social service, which stand most in need of development, and in which Indians have shown themselves most interested: that departments connected

with the maintenance of law and order should be reserved; *and that no branch should be transferred which vitally affects the well-being of masses who are not adequately represented in the Council.* They pointed out that the classes interested in liquor administration were confined to the working classes, the low castes, and aboriginal and backward classes who would not be at all represented in the Councils, while on the other hand the members of the Legislative Council would consist almost entirely of educated members of the higher Hindu Castes and of the Mahomedan Community, all of whom, by religion and caste custom, are opposed to drinking and might therefore be expected to press for legislation in favour of the restriction, or even the prohibition of liquor, without any regard at all for the wishes of the unrepresented drinking classes. In the face of these objections it is almost incomprehensible that the Government of India, which included officials with district experience, should have decided on the transfer of Excise to ministerial control, the tragic results of which, in one Province at any rate, can be seen in the account which I have given above. It is one more proof that the " men on the spot," to whose opinions so much importance is attached by Parliamentary speakers on Indian subjects, cannot always be trusted to give a sound opinion.

Churchill's "Marlborough"—Some Running Reflections

By B. H. Liddell Hart

"THAT first volume was certainly a fine piece of advocacy—but was it quite history? Churchill has certainly exposed the maliciousness of some of the blackest reflections on Marlborough's character, but one still has an uneasy feeling that there was more ground for suspicion than the biographer would desire to leave us. He is a bit too obviously counsel for the defence—methought he did protest too much.

"Now for the second volume—for this is what most of us have been waiting for: Marlborough as a general, painted by a man who can appreciate the finer points of generalship. This chapter on the structure of the War promises well—it is so clearly put. And these sketch-maps are the most graphic aid to the reader I've come across—what a good idea. It's interesting to learn that Marlborough was a pioneer in developing fire-power—but where is the evidence for it? Churchill really ought to give some; the question is so important, not least because of its effect on the claims made for Frederick. Hullo, now he quotes a phrase to prove the French failure to appreciate it, but he is surely putting too much stress on the phrase.

"Ah! this is good—the comparison between the instantaneous appreciation of factors and adjustment of action required of an old-time general, and the comparative leisureliness and simplicity of a modern general's decisions. How few people appreciate this. Novelists are apt to imagine a general's conference as being like an elaborate scientific experiment in a laboratory. Churchill knows better, and he has done a service to truth in exposing this delusion. But I wonder if he doesn't rather overpaint the functioning of military genius in the past—it is so easy to ascribe to the processes of the

subconscious what may have been no more than a lucky accident.

"It's interesting to be told that it was through Marlborough that we broke the Tory tradition of strategy—that of using the army as a limb of seapower—and threw our weight into Continental Warfare. This makes Marlborough the fore-runner of the 'Westerners'—of Haig, Robertson, and Henry Wilson—but I wonder how these would have felt if they had realized that they were heirs of the Whigs and fighting directly contrary to Tory principles!

"According to this book, Marlborough aimed at a decisive battle from the time he arrived in the theatre of war. But it doesn't give satisfying evidence of the fact. And this habit of saying Marlborough 'intended' or 'without doubt he meant,' becomes rather trying. I must look up the Marlborough despatches. . . . I've done so—what a lot to go through—and it seems to me that Churchill is reading more into them than they mean, and reading them with a late nineteenth century cast of thought. It is clear that Marlborough wasn't averse to battle—if he got a favourable chance—but he seems much more inclined to appreciate the results of manœuvre and siege to gain strategic points than Churchill allows. That, after all, was natural to his time. And what about that curious action in sending an apology to the French that it was not his fault that he had not joined battle—was, it, perhaps, more subtle than it appears?

"The next chapter—and the nineteenth century outlook again: Churchill is exaggerating the general unwillingness of eighteenth century generals for battle, by failing to recognize the technical difficulties that hampered them. Hasn't he ever studied Colin's exposure of this fallacy?

"Here's certainly a new light on Marlborough himself—evidence of 'Marlborough's vehement and fierce behaviour behind the scenes.' The unruffled calm which other biographers have portrayed was almost inhuman

—it didn't seem to fit other sides of his character. And here's another point—the fact that he was getting £60,000 a year in pay and allowances makes it difficult, especially in view of his fondness of money, to brush lightly aside those accusations that he had an interest in prolonging the war. At any rate, when one weighs also his obvious soldierly fondness for the war game, it makes Churchill's portrayal of him as essentially a high-souled patriot seem a trifle unnatural.

"But this is a good point—however keen on winning a decisive victory in his own theatre, Marlborough showed remarkable breadth of view in seeing the value of success in the Mediterranean and Italy. And what a contrast to our own 'Westerners' in his readiness to spare some of his best troops for the distraction.

"Now here is evidence that, *in 1703*, he was eager for battle. Perhaps too eager. Even Churchill seems to think that the Dutch had more reason on their side than Marlborough, when he pressed for a frontal attack upon the 'Lines,' near Antwerp, held by a numerically superior enemy. As in the case of Jellicoe, who could lose the war in half an hour by courting a battle which chanced to end in defeat, there was something to be said for the Dutch theory of 'an army in being.' Are Churchill's jibes at their 'victorious without slaughter' ideal quite fair? Marlborough seems to have had a touch of Haig in his apparent tendency, when frustrated, towards gambling against the odds. Was he courting a smaller but more irreparable Passchendaele?

"The impression grows when one comes to the Danube campaign of 1704. The brilliancy of the move and of its execution are superbly shown—those successive sketch-maps showing the 'scarlet caterpillar' are an inspired touch. And Churchill is justified in pointing out its resemblance to the Dardanelles design of 1915, as well as its greater risk. It was a move that marked an artist of war, and must have given as much artistic delight in the execution as now in the description. The

only flaw on this is the rhetorical flourish—'Not Wolfe before Quebec, not Nelson before Trafalgar, nursed a purer love of his country's cause than Marlborough in this supreme passage in his career.' To dwell upon it as a 'burden,' and as if he had less compensation than, and equal risk of life as, the humble soldiers is shoddy thinking. There are too many 'funeral oration' touches in this biography, and too little clear recognition of the mixed motives of human nature.

"But the march itself is a masterpiece of description. Like Sherman's, its perfect organisation without a large 'G' and 'Q' staff offers a suggestive reflection on modern ideas of necessity. Another fresh point is Churchill's correction of the customary idea that Marlborough and the Margrave of Baden commanded on alternate days—but, stay, surely Hare's account, which was 'perused by Marlborough,' speaks quite definitely of 'His Grace's turn to *command*'?

"What strikes me as a far more important point is why, in the move against Donauworth, he allowed time for the enemy to reinforce it with 14,000 men. Yet Churchill seems to miss the point. The map shows that barely five miles were covered on the crucial July 1st. Marlborough certainly made great haste on the 2nd, and seems to have been wise in not delaying the assault till the 3rd. But was he justified in assaulting at all?

"To those who judge by results—as do most military critics even—his success may be answer enough. It cost him dearly, but on this score alone one would not judge it adversely. It looks, however, as if he had more luck than Churchill admits in escaping a costly failure. Was he gambling too high? His very distrust of his ally suggests this—for he could hardly have relied on his ally intervening in the nick of time.

"Then, after the fortunate victory, he seems to have had no clear idea of what to do—as even Churchill makes clear. He's now becoming a more penetrating critic: he shows that Marlborough, contrary to what many

apologists have said, was mainly responsible for the devastation of Bavaria. But I wonder if Churchill, with his battle-theme, here credits this economic pressure with too little chance of success! Otherwise, Marlborough must be accounted a short-sighted strategic gambler. Most good soldiers have tended to become, with experience, increasingly opportunistic. But Marlborough was surely overdoing it—unless it was that he counted mainly on the superior quality of his troops, irrespective of generalship.

"He certainly began to get in an awkward plight. Blenheim does not seem to have been the culmination of a strategic purpose, but rather a desperate expedient to avert the imminent danger of the enemy moving astride his communications. And if he and Eugene at this juncture deliberately allowed the Margrave with nearly a quarter of the force to go off to besiege Ingolstadt, it suggests not only their distrust of the Margrave but a trust in their own qualitative superiority—which the event did not truly justify.

"So far as one can see there was no touch of genius, or even of tactical skill, in the plan of battle at Blenheim. And whatever one may allow for Marlborough's 'tact,' in regulating his current of force there, it was several times a toss-up that he was not beaten. Such gambling isn't evidence of the highest quality of generalship. Even Churchill speaks of Marlborough's 'moods of awful gambling,' although he says they 'sprang from cold calculation.' I can't see at Blenheim any sign of the astute calculation which marked Cromwell's plan at Dunbar. It was, clearly, the British rank and file who turned the balance at Blenheim, and luck seems to have done more than Marlborough to ease their over-weighted task.

"The next year's campaign showed the persistent gambling instinct again. His plan of advance up the Moselle, with the Margrave converging, was a sound one. But as Churchill points out—his criticism is growing

surer—Marlborough persisted in it when every condition of success had miscarried. There's the Passchendaele flavour again here. But at least he didn't risk an attack when blocked, and eventually fell back. The fiasco was less harmful than a disaster. Perhaps he had learnt something from his touch-and-go victory at Blenheim: if so, it is highly significant, for only a rare man learns from success. He was less uncommon, however, in the way he hastens to shift all blame on to his ally's shoulders—even sending such a message to his opponent, Marshal Villars!

"Back in Flanders. There's some clever generalship in the plan of piercing the Lines of Brabant, but the attempt at deception is not accompanied by any positive distraction. And he seems to have paid forfeit for deceiving his allies even more thoroughly than the enemy—as in Maude's move on Baghdad, such secrecy may ultimately prove expensive of opportunity. What is more, he seems, as Churchill admits himself, to have 'flagged' when opportunity was at its height. If he was as pleased over the fragmentary result as his letters suggest, he was also prone, like many lesser generals, to self-deception. And here's another touch of Passchendaele in the way that the mud, on the route taken by the cavalry, contributed to the fiasco of Marlborough's next move.

"Ah! this is better. The story of 'The Unfought Waterloo' is an addition to history and to understanding of Marlborough's military quality. If his final effort of the 1705 campaign brought no better success, it revealed a better Marlborough. There's a subtle calculation in the plan. Instead of repeating narrow manœuvres that the enemy can foil, he tries an indirect approach by a route that offers alternative objectives. Thus, this time, he has the enemy 'completely mystified' and leads them to disperse their forces in order to cover the several places at which he may strike. Then he suddenly swings north to Waterloo, and the enemy hastily prepare to

move to the rescue of Brussels when, side-stepping, he appears on their distracted front—it would shortly have been their marching flank. Did he show his hand a shade too soon?—at any rate they were sufficiently ready to meet his attack to give the wary Dutch generals an excuse for objecting. They argued that the actual position was even stronger than at Blenheim. So the chance had to be foregone. Now we must wait for the next volume to see it renewed, at Ramillies, and taken.

"All this makes me wonder whether Churchill and some previous biographers have overlooked the time factor. Certainly, they don't emphasise it, but rather seem to treat Marlborough's military career as static rather than evolving in skill. It would be more natural to find him learning his craft by experience, and reflection on his lessons. Isn't that what the facts convey, in analysis?"

Here I have written down the successive reflections that passed through my mind as I read Mr. Churchill's "Marlborough." It may have more value than a conventional review as a study of an evolving impression.

Moreover, the highest compliment one can pay the book is to devote one's space to critical comment upon some of its less obvious aspects. For to one who has travelled much in the realm of military history, which is mostly a drab expanse with limited views, to come upon a book by Mr. Churchill is like a sight of the Hill of Cassel rising out of the Flanders Plain. One can always hope for a good view from the top, at least if the atmosphere be clear. Sometimes a cloud of rhetoric envelopes the hill, obscuring the view, but it soon passes, and is usually succeeded by a spell of descriptive clarity which wonderfully lights up the details of the landscape.

Apart from his literary powers, Mr. Churchill has three exceptional qualifications for writing a life of Marlborough. He has personal experience of the way that human affairs are conducted, an experience which the academic historian often too palpably lacks. He has

a knowledge of war—a knowledge of its technique in which the civilian historian is deficient, and an insight into its depths as well as into its relation to policy which the strictly military historian rarely attains: here, I would remark that I have long since come to think that the best practical composition of our command on the Western Front would have been Churchill as Commander-in-Chief with a trained staff officer as his Chief of Staff.

The third qualification is a mixed one—that the latest biographer of John Churchill is also a Churchill. If it tends to make him a counsel for the defence, a tendency especially apparent in the first volume, rather than a detached observer, it must help him in understanding Marlborough's attitude.

Sometimes the critic is paramount; sometimes the celebrator. But, on the whole, the facts are given with sufficient fullness to allow the reader to form his own judgment. And the best tribute to the book is that, despite its eulogistic note, it has diminished one's impression of Marlborough's greatness while increasing one's sense of his humanity. Mr. Churchill may pile laurels on Marlborough but it is a living figure and not a statue that they crown. That, perhaps, is why th adornment appears a trifle unnatural.

The End of the Nineteenth Century

By H. Powys Greenwood

LOOKING at the world to-day it is difficult to resist the conclusion that we are, for better or for worse, in the midst of a great period of revolutionary change. The world crisis cannot be compared with the periodic depressions of the last century; we are not merely facing economic problems, but problems of equal or greater importance in the political, moral, social, and even in the religious spheres. It is a common saying that the nineteenth century has gone beyond recall and that the twentieth is seeking its form. But that may not be the whole truth. In the life of great civilizations changes take place of a deeper and more far-reaching significance than those from century to century. The nineteenth century was different from the eighteenth, the eighteenth from the seventeenth, and so on. But the complete metamorphosis which, under the names of Reformation and Renaissance, put an end to the Middle Ages, was of a totally different order of magnitude. So was the transition to Cæsarism, from republican to Imperial Rome, in the civilization of the Ancients. The possibility that we may be experiencing something of the same kind to-day cannot be excluded.

The nineteenth century was the age of Liberalism. During the period which succeeded the French Revolution, that all-embracing conception, gradually developed out of the emancipation of the individual which formed the chief motive power for the break up of the feudal system, gained ground continually. A great war was fought in the name of its principles. The war was won. But somehow or other Liberalism, or Democracy, lost the peace. At once the pendulum began to swing the other way. In country after country Liberal parties lost influence, declining almost to vanishing point. Democracy became more and more discredited, until

to-day it has been frankly abandoned over the greater part of Europe; the United States have changed it out of all recognition; in France and Spain it is obviously tottering; and only in some minor European States and in the British Empire does it continue to show a certain measure of stability.

What are the causes of this astonishing reversal? To attribute it, as so many do, to the world depression, is surely superficial. The fact that great political and social movements often come to the surface in periods of acute economic stress does not mean that Marx was right in maintaining economics to be the essential mainspring of human affairs. For these movements have often been preparing for generations before an intensification of the strain breaks the crust of human inertia and sets them free. History is not a mere matter of bread and butter.

Nineteenth-century Liberalism had three main pillars. In the economic field it rested upon individual enterprise and world freedom of trade and finance; in the political field upon democracy and representative institutions; and in the international field upon the principles of nationality and "self-determination." Its achievements are undeniable; their evaluation depends upon the point of view. Free trade and rapid technical progress succeeded in trebling the population of Europe and immensely increasing that of the world. Representative government and general elementary education stimulated a new consciousness in these immense masses. The principles of nationality broke up ancient empires and liberated subject peoples. This rise of the masses, of subject classes and peoples, is perhaps the greatest phenomenon of our times. Señor Ortega y Gasset, in his brilliant work, "The Revolt of the Masses," shows how it dominates our whole civilization. To satisfy the wishes, the desires of the "man in the street" has become the principal preoccupation of governments, indeed of all human institutions.

But is the man in the street happy? The masses are conscious and many of the subject peoples free, but they seem at a loss to know what to do with their consciousness and their freedom. There has never been such a longing for guidance, for leadership. Moral values have disintegrated and inhibitions disappeared. There are immensely increased opportunities for enjoyment. But there is at the same time a feeling of appalling frustration. "We see to-day," writes Ortega y Gasset, "many lost in their own labyrinth, since there is nothing which inspires their allegiance." He tells the story of a gipsy who went to confession. The conscientious priest first asked him if he knew the Ten Commandments. Whereupon the gipsy replied: "I wanted to learn them, your honour, but heard tell they were going to be abolished." The world is crying out for ideals, duties, commandments. Man is in a void which frightens him. Religion, and even that idol of the rationalists, Science, seem to have lost their grip. Science and the machine, aided by the ideals of freedom and emancipation, let loose the masses upon us. But they can help little in the greater task of leading them or rendering them fit to lead themselves. That is the root of the crisis. I think it was Professor L. P. Jacks who pointed out apropos of the Buchman Group movement that the moral and religious, or pseudo-religious revival which seems to be making headway among the younger generation of every country, the steady progress of the Roman Catholic Church and the great "shirt" systems of government, such as Fascism, National Socialism, and even Communism, were all expressions of the same essential urge. It is not merely a desire for a stable political and economic system which will give security and daily bread, but above all a longing for faith, for somebody and something to believe in for a solid framework by which men may guide their lives.

Is it too much to suggest that here lies the explanation of the complete failure of our National Government to capture the imagination of the people? An intelligent

but humdrum collection of rather elderly men, with totally different ideals and backgrounds, who have reasonably agreed to sink their differences, it is doing an excellent job of work on the economic plane. No nation can show a better record of steady recovery. But unless Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's weary platitudes about world co-operation deserve their appellation, our leaders have no faith to offer to a spiritually hungry multitude. That is why such importance is attributed to Sir Oswald Mosley's Blackshirts, who have never returned a single member to Parliament, and why many responsible prople think that the next general election may produce a chaos out of which Fascism or something approaching Communism will offer the only means of egress. As political creeds they are at any rate alive.

The democratic nineteenth century saw the rise of the middle classes. It was the age of bourgeois culture. In France the bourgeois conquered the State, leaving the aristocracy on one side, an ornamental but functionless appendage. In England the industrial and trading middle classes, newly rich and awakening to the consciousness of their importance, were gradually incorporated into the aristocratic governing tradition. That was British democracy. The essential feature of any system of government, democratic, autocratic, monarchic, oligarchic, is a cohesive tradition of leadership, a common denomination of essential principles among those called upon to rule. Democracy, indeed, can, less than any other form of government, dispense with such a tradition, and it is to the fact that we have always possessed it that the success of Parliamentary government in this country is really due. Tories and Whigs, Conservatives and Liberals, in the great days of Parliament they succeeded one another like the port and starboard watches of a ship. They were "gentlemen"; Parliament was the best club in London. The governing classes, working through the traditional party mechanism, succeeded in absorbing

the new men and the new ideas without any of the revolutionary disturbances which marked the transition elsewhere. The aristocracy had always been an open corporation; it took three generations, so it was said, to make a gentleman. And when the middle classes demanded speedier admittance the public school system was developed and extended by the genius of Arnold. The importance of this great man's work in providing the social foundations of nineteenth-century development by incorporating the middle classes in the State is too seldom recognized in these days of cheap gibes at "the old school tie."

The problems of to-day are similar in character to, but far greater in magnitude than those which confronted our ancestors in the earlier part of the last century. When they were dealing with thousands, or at most tens of thousands, we have to deal with millions. For the rise of the masses, of the working and lower-middle classes, is as evident here as elsewhere. They demand leadership, it is true, but they also demand participation in the State. The amazing success of men like Mussolini and Hitler is too often ascribed to a supine acquiescence in dictatorship. Nothing could be further from the truth. They have known not only how to win the allegiance of the man in the street, but how to awaken his enthusiasm, to give him the sense of co-operating in a great cause, of genuinely participating in the work of building the new Jerusalem. The hierarchy of leadership extending into the humblest ranks of the population; the insistent reiteration—ballyhoo though it may be—that every man can serve the community, if not as an active "political soldier or party member," at any rate by doing his job well and conscientiously and taking part in the innumerable communal activities; it all gives ordinary humdrum people a far greater sense of association with the government, indeed, of "self-government," than casting one vote every few years for comparatively unknown functionaries

at a distant capital. And since to this new sense of participation is added the breaking-down of class barriers, the feeling that whatever the ability of each man, whatever the contribution he is able to make to the common weal, he is not essentially and permanently inferior to those whose occupations and scale of remuneration are very different, it is not difficult to understand the appeal of the new doctrines.

If there is one outstanding and valuable political attribute of the British race, it is surely the ability it has always shown to adapt institutions and policies gradually and cautiously to new circumstances and new requirements, to accept change while retaining ancient traditions. Once again we are faced with fundamental changes in the social structure. Will our parliamentary institutions, will, more important still, our traditions of liberty and free speech stand the strain?

I have suggested that self-government in Great Britain, what Mr. Baldwin once referred to as " amateur government," has always been dependent upon a common denominator of general agreement upon the aims and methods of politics. Is that common denominator breaking down to-day?

Leaving aside the rather flimsy façade of National Government, the two essential political parties are the Conservatives and the Socialists. For the first time there is a frank division into haves and have-nots. There is, at any rate, a considerable section of the Socialist party which frankly believes in the class war. " Marxism " is by no means non-existent, although it may hesitate to describe itself as Communist. And Marxism does not aim at incorporating the working classes in the State, but at seizing power in the interests of class dictatorship. However much our milk-and-water parlour brand of Marxist may repudiate the methods of Moscow, his ultimate aim is the " liquidation " of the non-proletarian elements of the population as such and all that they stand for. He does not content himself with demanding

that propertied interests should be compelled to subordinate themselves to the general good, that they should be modified and controlled; he attacks the principle of property itself. And as two remarkably intelligent organizations—the Vatican and the Third International—are agreed, the principle of property is irrevocably connected with the basis of our civilization as it has hitherto existed, family life and family continuity. The ideals of Sir Stafford Cripps are not so very different from those of Lenin.

Moreover, disintegrating tendencies are threatening the most essential safeguard of our national and racial security—patriotism. I am not referring to the perpetual controversy between the advocates and opponents of the League of Nations. "Collective security" looks pretty shaky to-day, it is true, but at some distant date it may become a reality. In the meantime, however, the world is a dangerous place, especially for those who have great possessions and great responsibilities. To clamour for huge armaments is one thing; to suggest that a people which feels that it stands for something in the world must be ready to fight for its existence if necessary. But the simple proposition that it is the duty of a citizen to be ready to defend his country is enough to provoke the parrot-cry of "militarism," and the young men of our premier university have openly voted for a resolution which was not merely pacifist, but frankly disloyal.

All this has not gone very far as yet, but it may well go further. And if the class war becomes a reality, if England is split by the struggle between fundamentally opposed views of existence, if the common denominator which has been our strength should disappear, concentration camps and castor oil, not to mention firing-squads and forced labour may appear on the scene quicker than seems conceivable to-day. The lesson of the contemporary world is that such a state of affairs cannot be avoided by sitting still. Many believe that economic recovery, particularly the absorption of the unemployed,

will solve our problems. Certainly unemployment must be cured; it is an evil morally even more devastating than war. But it is doubtful whether even the lavish provision of work and bread and butter can do more than postpone the larger issues confronting Western civilization. The rise of the masses, the rapid and uncontrolled development of modern industrialism, the breakdown of traditional values, render the achievement of a new social and political synthesis inevitable. At present only Fascism and Communism offer themselves as complete solutions. The one is an attempt to create the new world by rallying all classes to a national ideal, to make an end of the class war by breaking down class barriers and bringing the isolated urban proletariat, the natural breeding-ground of Marxist "working-class" doctrines, into contact with the rest of the community, to restore self-respect and contentment with their station to the humblest. The other is essentially an endeavour to base society upon the "proletariat" itself, utterly destroying or "liquidating" other sections of the population. And both seem to involve the end of that individual and political liberty which has always been our most cherished possession.

Is not the great task which confronts England and the British Empire in this revolutionary age to show that the transition to the twentieth century can take place without any of the unpleasant and brutal manifestations with which it has been accompanied elsewhere? If ordered planning is to supplant an uncontrolled and anarchic capitalist individualism; if leadership is to replace mass rule and a new social life based upon devotion rather than egoism be evolved, it is surely for us to demonstrate that this need not involve the end of personal liberty and initiative. We have a tradition of government which has often been extended and adapted; we have an educational system which has drawn and trained leaders from many sections of the community and can be extended to draw them from far wider circles. The monarchy sets

an unequalled example; the governing classes have a great record of social service, with the result that the class war has made less headway than anywhere else in the older countries. The ideals of freedom are in our blood; we have fought for them, have worked for them, and in a very real sense have given them to the world. But they depend far less upon the ballot-box, upon doctrinaire democratic forms which are everywhere showing their weakness than upon traditions of unity, cohesion and fair dealing through which alone true self-government is possible.

SWITZERLAND
is
UNEQUALLED
for
WINTER SPORTS

Illustrated Booklets, Maps, Hotel Guides, Fare Lists, and Time Tables supplied free on application to :—

SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS

11B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1,

or the principal Travel Agencies

From DEC. 15 to APRIL 15 **30%** OFF SWISS FARES

More American Realities

By Negley Farson

[The London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* gives in this article his experiences travelling this summer through the Dakotas.]

DRIVING across the Cheyenne Indian Reservation this summer the air became choked with yellow dust. This was from a herd of ten thousand cattle which were being evacuated from the main range. They were part of what is perhaps the most tragic exodus known to American ranching. Nearly a million cattle, the Governor of South Dakota told me, would have to be moved out of the Dakotas to find grazing land in other parts of the United States. Otherwise they would die. The drought had killed all the summer grass. Even if the rains did come they would now be too late to provide winter grass.

This round-up was taking place along the Missouri river bottoms. From a distance the green vegetation along that muddy flood was as unbelievable and as welcome as an oasis suddenly raised in a desert. But the green was merely the miasmic vegetation of marsh growth, stinking in the sun; and there was no grass under the dreary sycamores and cottonwoods. Riding through the shrub forests that flanked the river the cowboys were wearing bandanas over their mouths and goggles to protect them from the suffocating dust.

"Bare as a road," their foreman bitterly described the country, explaining how the starving herds had eaten the country for several miles back. Where there was water there was no grass. Where there was grass, in the foothills, there was no water. Bad as it was for the cattle it was even worse for horses. Where the Chappell Bros. had their big grazing concession on another part of the Cheyenne Reservation they were moving twenty-five thousand horses off the main range. There were places on the Chappell concession where horses had to go nine miles between grass and water. This

meant a soon and certain death for mares with foals. I saw them there, standing with a certain stoic immobility in the yellow hills, or, which was even more heart-breaking, staring dejectedly at the Missouri's false green.

All the available cattle trains were being rushed into the "badlands" to move out the stock. They crawled like caterpillars across the plains. At a station called Mossman, which was merely a corral beside the track, I watched seven hundred head of cattle being shipped out. These were bound for Mexico where Mr. Mossman had managed to secure a concession where his animals could feed. Mossman was one of the wealthy ranchers of the district. Like the big Chappell Bros. he had enough money to move his cattle out. For the "little" rancher, this evacuation meant the end, in most cases, of a career.

In Winner, South Dakota, I saw this final scene. The stationmaster had been explaining to me how hundreds of apparently healthy cattle began to die as they stood in the trucks on the railway sidings.

"When we cut 'em up," he said, "we found nothing inside their stomachs but mud. They had eaten the grass down so far to the roots that they ate the mud with it. Go over to the Pavilion and you'll see how it works out."

Inside the little wooden sale pavilion was a sign. It read—

HORSES
Bringing Less than $25
Are not Guaranteed
Others Are Guaranteed as
to Wind and Eyes unless
They are Called in the Ring
EXAMINE
YOUR HORSES
Before You
Take them Out

The sign itself was a symbol of some of the problems President Roosevelt must face whatever his success with Capital–Labour relations. Facing it were some of the saddest men I have ever seen. One, I felt sure, must be an Englishman, for no one but an Englishman would dare wear flannel bags and a solar topee in that galaxy of high-heeled boots, overalls, and cowboy hats. Also his two horses which he lost that day were saddle animals of the type that sporting Englishmen like to own.

"Now here's a real horse," said the auctioneer, beginning his patter as the Englishman's first horse was brought in. "Want-im-at-forty? Want-im-at-forty?" He stopped and took a drink from the pitcher on his stand. "Boys," he addressed the glum ranchers, "you're not paying attention."

I say the Englishman lost his horses because in no sense was this a real sale. Every bid that day was a heart-breaking affair. All the cattle were being cleared off this part of the main range of the Dakotas. There was no water or grass to keep them; although some un-killable optimists were convoying water in their motor cars in a desperate effort to preserve a valuable or favourite horse. But this could be kept up for only a short time. These "little" ranchers that I was watching inside the stifling wooden "pavilion" at Winner that day were forced to sell practically all of their animals for whatever they could get. Horses, cattle, sheep, pigs—everything had to go.

"Wound up!" said a rancher beside me, as his last horse was sold. "Clean bust! And so help me, God, I'll never start in this lousy country again!"

The "Englishman's" fine saddle animals were sold for forty dollars each. But I saw horses sold that day for $4.00, which is about 16*s*.

Down at the station as the auction sale went on there were shots. The Government was buying cattle and shooting all those which it considered too emaciated

to be transported. It was paying $16 for a condemned two-year-old cow, and burying it at once. $20 for animals considered fit to eat. Some of these were being put into cattle trucks to become food for the relief administration. Many of them were simply shot and turned over to the Cheyenne Indians to be turned into jerked meat. A lost art which only the oldest squaws know the secrets of in these days.

Out of that $16 which a rancher received for a condemned cow the Government forced him to give $12 to the man or insurance company which held the mortgage on his ranch. And there is hardly a ranch or farm in the Dakotas that is not mortgaged well over the hilt. Out of a $20 cow the farmer had to give up $16. In this way the Government was saving the farmer and mortgager from something just short of a complete loss.

"I just want you to look at it and then tell me what you think," said the ex-sheriff and first homesteader at Winner. "Now don't that beat hell!"

"It" was, or at least had been, a farm. The house itself was not much to look at, because (*a*) there had been a drought in the Dakotas for two years, (*b*) this farmer, like ninety-five per cent. of the others in the district had been head over heels in debt long before the drought.

But at the moment there was a drift of "black snow" about ten feet high in the trees of an apple orchard. There was a bank of it like a horse-shoe where the farmer had dug himself out of his house, and one latrine had to be re-excavated. Aside from this there was the remnant of a pond, now too small for four ducks, and most of the farm machinery was sticking out like the ribs of wrecked ships on a beach.

These "black snow" drifts were "gumbo." One of the most fertile soils, say these unkillable Dakota ranchers and farmers, as long as it is wet. But it had not been wet, except by two inches of rain, in two long

bitter years. Then the wind had blown it away, clear across the United States, into the soup of people in New York.

Hence the statistics that the first homesteader gave me. Sixteen hundred families out of twenty-seven hundred in Tripp County were on relief of some sort. All farmers were eligible and about 96 per cent. were receiving loans from the Government to feed what was left of their stock. Against nothing but a promissory note they were able to borrow $3 per month to feed a farm cow; $1.50 for a range animal; $4 for a farm horse; $2 for a horse on the range; $1.50 for every hog; chickens, ducks, turkeys were entitled to 5 cents each.

But even so, said the ex-sheriff, they could not keep them then. The Government couldn't get water to them. Ranchers were driving with water in barrels miles across the prairies to be able to keep a few horses they refused to lose.

"Now all you see there," said the ex-sheriff, pointing to a ghastly creature that stared at where the pond had been, "is bones and hide. Can you see anything to put in a can there? Now that cow is a-longing for a little grass. She ain't going to get it. She ain't got no hopes of getting anything to eat to-day."

The ex-sheriff, let it be said, was now the manager collecting loans made to the farmers by a Government bureau. His bureau, however, loaned only against chattels, such as farm-stock and machinery. He was collecting the money quite ruthlessly for all that.

"It ain't that I'm hard hearted," he said, "but a man's got to look out for himself. Besides, I show these people how they can get a loan from another government department. Don't make no difference whether they can ever pay that or not. Now they've started in that direction the Roosevelt administration has just got to keep these people alive."

I recalled what the Senator who was administrating

the farm relief in Iowa had told me; that 45 per cent. of the farm land was mortgaged and that the Government was giving the farmer's loans based on the 1910–14 values of the farm. Not one of the loans he was making, he said quite frankly, was economically justified.

"Our aim," he said, "is just to keep these people in the business of farming until better times come."

At that date, he admitted, the Government might find that it owned the farms and was in the farming business whether it liked it or not.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

October 15th.

I SEE that out of the 200 samples of English barley exhibited at Rothamsted recently only one was placed in the highest grade by the brewing experts. I must confess that this surprised me as we have had a fine harvest, but I suppose that it was almost too fine with the result that the barleys came out too "steely" for the maltster's liking. Another thing is that in these days even farmers do not possess as much faith as did their ancestors. Too early cutting is an all too frequent sin, and it results in poor barley, while in connection with too early carrying I cannot point the moral better than to quote a remark of my father's old foreman, which he made some thirty years ago in my hearing. "Thee's lef' it to the Almighty fer zix months, zur. Let un 'ave it dree more days." However, let us keep our sense of proportion in discussing barley. To-day it represents only about 2 per cent. of our farming's sales, and only a bare half of it could be termed "malting" barley in any season. On the other hand livestock and market gardening together account for over 80 per cent., and they are the branches over which we should worry. For far too long have we left the substance to play with the shadow.

October 19th.

For my manifold sins I have been dared to spend a week-end in Norfolk, so to-day I went by train to the North-West part of that county. From the conversation this evening I gathered that my great crime is that I have dared to criticize Norfolk in any way whatsoever. Apparently this county is beyond criticism, and to-morrow and the next day I am to be shown the error of my ways.

October 20th and 21st.

There is no doubt at all that Norfolk is a farming county, one might almost say farming to the exclusion of all else. Up here one talks farming, thinks farming, and dreams farming, but the only farming which is approved is that which has been carried on from time immemorial. Even where change has taken place, and such change has proved profitable, the farmer does not love it. "Fancy me, a Norfolk farmer, having anything to do with things like Asparagus and Brussels Sprouts!" is the general attitude. But what a lovely county it is! Buses are few and far between, the beauty of the landscape is practically unspoilt by modern innovation, and a serene peace seems to brood over the countryside. Argument with various farmers seems to boil down my sins to the fact that I have dared to suggest that Norfolk should be treated fairly on its merits as one county of the many which make up Great Britain. Norfolk dwellers put Norfolk first, last, and all the time. But, criticize this attitude as one may quite fairly, one must admit that nowhere in the country is to be found such a genuine love for the land amongst all classes of rural society. Here the relationship between landlord and tenant is an intimate one, both parties knowing the details of each other's difficulties. Modern civilization has decreed that farming must become a business, run on economic lines; Norfolk wants it run as a pleasant comfortable life as it was in years gone by. While it is comparatively easy to say that Norfolk's wish is impossible in these days unless Norfolk alone pays the cost of it, it is difficult to say that what Norfolk desires is a bad thing. Rather would I say that it is a charming feature of days that are past, which we must look back on with regret. However, I came away with the feeling that both Norfolk and I are not so bad as we had thought each other to be. Today's conditions have forced Norfolk's farming to change a good deal, and right valiantly are a good may farmers battling with modern

needs, while in certain quarters my short visit has corrected the idea that I wish to see an all-grass England. I am now more firmly convinced than ever that a prosperous livestock industry would help Norfolk tremendously.

October 22nd.

Travelling home to-day I could not help thinking of one characteristic of Norfolk's farming community. While as hosts to me they were kindness itself, I gathered that they do not approve of interlopers from other parts of the country, who come into Norfolk to farm, the more especially when these aliens make a success of it. One has to be bred and born in Norfolk to fit in properly. All sins, both of omission and commission, seem to be traced to the farmer from another county, so much so that I hope for his sake no one will perpetrate a trunk murder in Norfolk. If this happens everybody in the district will point to the interloping farmer as the culprit, and a Norfolk jury would hang him out of hand. Still, the near future will see more and more of these newcomers farming in Norfolk, for in that county is some of the best level land I have ever seen, and from what I could gather it can be rented fairly reasonably, the only drawback being that in many cases it must be farmed according to the Norfolk tradition. Quite frankly, if ever I leave Wiltshire, I should try to farm in Norfolk, and surely a Wiltshireman can bestow no higher praise.

October 25th.

The last few days have been wet, and the countryside is all the better for it. My winter wheat is looking well, my cows are milking well, the farm work is well forward, and, in spite of my and others' criticisms of our agricultural policy, one has to admit that owing to it there is to-day a note of hope in farming which has been sadly lacking for some years. Water level in wells and rivers is still very low, so it is to be hoped that this

winter will make up the deficiency, for, unless this happens, no policy can help our farming much next summer. There is still a wealth of late grass, and against its green the Autumn leaves look splendid. As a farmer I can say honestly that either to farm in or to look at the English countryside takes some beating.

October 29th.

Just now the sugar beet harvest is in full swing, and, while one can criticize the subsidy on the grounds that the greater bulk of it goes into six counties only, it does provide an illustration that given a possible chance of a profit the British farmer can turn his hand to anything. Personally I consider that for the help it gives to our farming industry as a whole it is very expensive to the nation, but it has this to be said for it—the cultivation of sugar beet means good clean farming, while over-cropping with wheat, a thing which I find no matter where I go in this country, means bad farming and the impoverishment of the land, to say nothing of the weeds which follow in its train.

November 3rd.

To-day I motored to Ashridge to give a lecture on the available opportunities in present-day agriculture. I divided it into two parts—"Do you want a salaried job in connection with the agricultural industry, or are you going to farm?" In dealing with the latter I endeavoured to point out that you cannot farm without capital, a thing which so many people forget. The trouble is that farming is not spectacular. It has no enormous buildings, and few large companies, being almost entirely composed of small individual capitalists, and therefore few townsfolk realize the amount of capital involved in it. For instance, what town motorist, when his car is held up by forty ambling cows, realizes that they represent £1,000 of farming capital? Another thing I tried to scotch was the letter of the following type, of which I receive far too many.

"Dear Sir, My Johnny is rather weak in the head but very strong in the body, and therefore he should make a good farmer, and you should be willing to take him into your home as a pupil for nothing, paying him a trifle for pocket money." When I think of all the farmers I know who are keen business men, scientists, engineers, and experts in animal nutrition and all sorts of intricate things, and who work hard with all their energies to make their farming show a modest profit, such letters make me very angry indeed. The day has gone long since, even it is ever existed which I doubt, when the fool of the family can make a success at farming.

November 4th.

Willy-nilly the job of writing about our farming industry has devolved upon me, so, in order to extend my knowledge, I accepted an invitation from a friend to visit Scotland, and set out on my way north first thing after breakfast this morning. Driving from Hertfordshire to York, where I spent the night, confirmed once again that our farming is largely livestock, and that the basis of it is grass, not necessarily permanent grass, but a goodly proportion of temporary leys. It can be said quite definitely that livestock is paramount all over the country, and also that grain diminishes in quantity as one gets further north. The latter can be seen quite clearly by the small size of the grain stacks, and the more careful thatching. Generally speaking, one cannot get grain dry enough to put it into a large stack in the north of England, and for the same climatic reason, it must be well covered in.

November 5th.

Drove to Edinburgh to-day, via Newcastle and Berwick. It got dark soon after I crossed the Border so I only saw the farming on the English side. Again it seemed to be livestock, livestock all the way, mainly, of course, grass sheep. I do not know what the sheep population of Northumberland is, but I should imagine

that this county beats any other in this respect. The thatching of corn ricks was still more carefully done than in Yorkshire, and in one place I saw a bunch of ricks which had not one straw out of place. They were perfectly round and perfectly thatched, and looked almost like the toy ricks of a child's farmyard. What a pity it is that such craftsmanship is dying out, simply and solely because in the main it does not pay! Still, when one does come across it one can rejoice that here is one farmer who is able to take a pride in his farming even at the cost of his pocket.

November 6th.

To-day my host took me to a large farm some miles east of Edinburgh, which was primarily engaged in the production of certified milk, and here I learned that all was very far from being well with the Scottish Milk Marketing Scheme. Apparently the milk producers in the east, some 2,000, are suffering from having to carry the one-time cheese producers of the south-west, some 6,000. More especially does the levy imposed by the board press heavily upon the certified milk producers, so much so that responsible men are refusing to pay it. Somehow it seems wrong for any scheme to hamper the men who are producing the best article. One thing struck me very forcibly—the Scottish farmer works harder than his English cousin, at any rate he has a more difficult task to produce milk.

November 7th.

To-day we motored south towards the Border, and on our way visited another certified milk producer. Here was a man who at no small trouble and expense had fitted up his farm for this business, and bred up a certified tuberculin-free herd of dairy cows. And he has decided to check producing certified milk owing to the present impossible conditions under the Milk Board! Surely that is a tragedy, not only for the individual farmer, but for the whole community. We spent the night at a sheep farm—ranch is a better description—

close to Carter Bar. The farmhouse and steading was at the end of some miles of side road, and we drove through several fords to get to it. It seemed to be the back of beyond. A little cluster of buildings set in a bright green valley and surrounded by snow-capped hills. But what an attractive life it seemed to me! Here the farmer is supreme overlord of his extensive domain, and trespasser and tourist bother him but little. But again one comes up against the fact that farming needs capital. Our host, a sheep baron—for surely it is absurd to call him a sheep farmer, must have the thick end of £50,000 invested in his farming. Most folk who possess that sum would not choose to live and farm on the Border, but his life has a curious fascination for me, and rarely have I envied a man so wholeheartedly.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

PLEASE BE SANTA CLAUS TO A DESTITUTE LITTLE ONE THIS CHRISTMAS.

10/-

will feed one child for a fortnight at the Christmas season.

116,000 children admitted.

8,500 being supported.

5 come in daily.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 274 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE events of the last few weeks in this country, not least the by-elections, have made it abundantly clear that on questions of foreign policy there is no longer substantial agreement between the Government and the Opposition. The cracks are still from time to time papered over with pious platitudes in debates in the House of Commons, but those who are most intimately acquainted with what is going on in the constituencies are well aware that the Socialists and Samuelite Liberals are making all the capital they can out of foreign affairs. We are rapidly getting back to the old days when the Government and the Opposition were divided on this problem as on every other.

This development appears so shocking to a great number of worthy people that, true to English traditions, they have shut their eyes to it, but it is taking place none the less. Whether it is regrettable or not is beside the point; what is necessary is to take stock of the new situation, and adopt appropriate measures to deal with it. After all, some of the most glorious periods in British history have occurred when questions of foreign policy were subjects of the fiercest party controversy, and those timid souls who fear the sentimental vapourings of Mr. Lansbury may take courage from the memory of what was effected in spite of the thunders of Fox and Gladstone.

What is at Issue

THE Opposition policy, however much we may dislike it on other grounds, has at any rate the merit of clarity. The foreign policy of this country must be based upon the principle of collective security applied by and through the League of Nations, and independent action by Great Britain must never be undertaken. The corollary of this, which to give them their due the Socialists do not shirk, is that we must obey the behests of Geneva, even to the extent of participating in quarrels in which we have not the remotest concern. Where Socialist logic

does break down is in refusing to hear of the raising of our armaments to such a level as would enable us to fulfil the commitments which it is apparently so important that we should undertake; but as logic is equally not the strong point of the British electorate, this fallacy is not likely to be remarked unless it is stressed by the other side.

The answer is obvious. In the last resort the British Government can be the only arbiter of British destinies, and no international agreements must be made which conflict with this principle. Furthermore, British armaments must correspond with British needs. At the same time, full use must be made of the League of Nations for the peaceful settlement of international disputes; for the League, particularly if reformed, can be extraordinarily useful, always provided that it is regarded as a piece of diplomatic machinery, and not as a super-State. Finally, that peace and justice are the supreme British interests is obvious to anyone who considers for a moment the position of the Empire in the world.

The Government's Weakness

THE weakness of the Government is that while the Socialists know where they stand, its own supporters are in doubt as to its position. This is largely due to the fact that so many of its members have in the past talked a great deal of nonsense which they are now finding it hard to live down. It is, for example, quite useless to express astonishment at the Territorial strength being so far below establishment, when Conservative leaders themselves have been preaching pacifism for years, and are at this moment supporting the League of Nations Union. In this connection a real lead has been given by the Executive Committee of National Union in its refusal to participate in the tendencious referendum, with its have-you-left-off-beating-your-wife type of question, being organized by the League of Nations Union.

In the words of Charles I, " the English nation are a sober people, however at present under some infatuation."

If it be put plainly to them that the Socialist policy means that this country must inevitably be embroiled in any war that breaks out in any part of the world, they will reject it, as they rejected the Geneva Protocol in 1924. But the Government must face the fact that foreign policy is once more a party matter, and state the alternative clearly. If it tries to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, every kind of misrepresentation will flourish; and the electorate will be carried off its feet with the old lie that the Socialists are for peace, while their opponents mean war. Incidentally, this is a further argument against devoting the interval between now and the General Election to a fratricidal struggle over India, in which, however regrettable it may be, not 5 per cent. of the electors take the least interest.

The Fall of M. Doumergue

THE resignation of M. Doumergue is convincing proof that it is impossible to bring about a revival in France by constitutional means. M. Poincaré learnt the same lesson a few years ago, and, like his successor, preferred to resign rather than use force to achieve his ends. Both men were able to improve the plumbing, but were prevented from undertaking the really important work of strengthening the foundations. Their failure marks the triumph, inevitable under republican government, of faction over the national interest, and those Frenchmen who wish to make the latter prevail now know that their first step must be a drastic revision of the Constitution, if not the complete overthrow of the Third Republic. M. Pierre Gaxotte admirably summed up the whole position a week or two ago, when he described M. Poincaré as " a Colbert without a Louis XIV."

Until recently the number of people in France who wanted a dictatorship was infinitesimal, but the attitude of the politicians is rendering the latter inevitable. As in Italy, Germany, Poland, and many other countries, they are going out of their way to prove that the reform of the

State is impossible under the Parliamentary system, while they show the hollowness of their boasted devotion to principle by uniting with their old enemies against those who want to get something done. The present close collaboration of MM. Tardieu and Herriot is a notable example of this; and the result is everywhere the same, namely, an irresistible cry of " sack the lot."

The Saar

THE chances of the plebiscite in the Saar taking place without a first-class European crisis seem to be about even, and it is only the season of the year that justifies one in being as optimistic as that. The initial blame for this state of affairs rests with the German Government which, in the person of Hitler himself at Ehrenbreitstein on 26 August, deliberately broke its promise of the previous May to abstain from pressure of any kind, whether direct or indirect, likely to affect the freedom and trustworthiness of the voting. Since then the situation has gone from bad to worse, and every move on the part of Paris or Berlin is the signal for further recriminations.

On January 13 the inhabitants of the Saar are to vote whether they wish to be incorporated in France or in Germany, or to continue under the trusteeship of the League of Nations. Very few votes will be cast for the first course, and until the accession of Hitler to power there would have been practical unanimity in favour of the second. To-day, in view of the Socialist and Catholic opposition to the Nazi regime, it is doubtful whether the vote for union with Germany will exceed 65 per cent. This would be a serious rebuff for the German Government, and there is always the danger that to forestall it the wilder Nazis may attempt a *putsch*. This would inevitably bring them into conflict with French troops.

Does Locarno Apply ?

UPON one thing alone do France and Germany appear agreed, and it is that if there is a clash in the Saar

this country is bound to become involved by virtue of the Locarno Pact. Into the legal rights and wrongs of this proposition it is not necessary to enter at the moment, for there can be no question but that the overwhelming mass of the English people has not the slightest intention of fighting in the Saar. In these circumstances it is more than a little unfortunate that there should be any doubt as to our legal position. We cannot afford a *perfide Albion* agitation all over Europe.

The fact is that successive British Governments have played the part of a peripatetic Don Juan, who has flirted in many quarters, and now finds himself threatened with a sheaf of affiliation orders. At the same time the nation has no intention of fathering any bastards. The Saar peril makes it more imperative than ever that the co-guarantors of the Locarno Pact, namely, Great Britain and Italy, should take counsel together on their commitments, and on the best method of limiting them. As a start, Mr. Baldwin owes it to the electorate to say exactly what he meant by the statement that the British frontier is the Rhine.

The Spanish Rebellion

THE British Press, with certain notable exceptions, such as *The Morning Post* and *The Sunday Times*, has not fully informed its readers of the atrocities committed by the Socialists and Communists during the recent rebellion in Spain. Since the rising is being represented in certain quarters in this country as the protest of a freedom-loving people against the pending imposition of a brutal Fascist yoke, it is not without interest to estimate by their actions the type of patriot whom our British Liberals are prepared to take to their capacious bosoms.

At Sama de Langreo, several Civil Guards were tied to trees or telegraph posts, and then blown up with dynamite. Two lorries filled with Shock Police were blown up with mines laid in the roadway, and the occupants, some fifty in all, were killed.

At Oviedo, a priest was killed and quartered, and his remains were hung from hooks in a butcher's shop with the notice " Pork for Sale."

The rebels blinded twenty children of Civil Guards in Asturias after the murder of their parents.

Señor Baztán, Canon of Oviedo Cathedral, was murdered by the rebels, who put out his eyes before killing him.

It should not be forgotten that the ostensible object of this rising was to protest against the inclusion in the ministry of three members of *Acción Popular*, the party which has a hundred deputies in the Cortes. So much for the Socialists' regard for constitutional procedure when it does not suit their book. The moral might well be applied nearer home than the Peninsula.

The Outlook

THE Government certainly acted with commendable promptness at the time, but the most satisfactory aspect of the whole business was that the army and police never for a moment faltered in their duty. What is not so satisfactory is that while the rank and file of the insurgents have in many cases paid for their crimes with their lives, their leaders are being let off very lightly indeed. This is a complete reversal of the whole teaching of history, which is that the best policy on the morrow of the suppression of a rebellion is to hang the ringleaders and release their subordinates, save in such cases where the latter have been found guilty of some other felony in addition to treason.

The attitude of the Government has not unnaturally annoyed many of those who did most to suppress the rising, and not least the army. The latter does not see why it should be exposed to further atrocities in a few months' time in order that politicians like the odious Azaña may preserve their skins intact while their dupes pay the penalty. It was the failure of the ministry in power in the summer of 1923 to punish the mutineers of Malaga that brought about the establishment of the

dictatorship in the following September. The present rulers of Spain would do well to remember the fact.

A Timely Book

THOSE who wish to understand the economic background of Nazi Germany cannot be too strongly recommended to read *The Road to Planned Economy*, by Dr. W. F. Bruck (Humphrey Milford. 3s. 6d.). The author's sub-title, "Capitalism and Socialism in Germany's Development," sufficiently indicates the extent of the work, which is invaluable to those who would get to the heart of this subject in a short time. The road to international misunderstanding is paved with false analogies, and in these pages Dr. Bruck makes it perfectly obvious that there is no real basis of comparison between the Industrial Revolution in Germany and in Great Britain. The State has always played a leading part in the former, and it will be remembered that Spengler, in his *Prussianism and Socialism*, classed both Frederick the Great and Bismarck as Socialists.

Having made this clear, the author then proceeds to trace the influence of the war and post-war periods on German economic developments, and he discusses the cotton industry in some detail. Those who are interested in the influence of the Italian Corporate State in Germany to-day will also find in this book information to which the British Press has certainly not given sufficient prominence. Finally, it is not the least recommendation that from a perusal of this short volume of one hundred and forty-eight pages it is impossible to discover whether or not the author is a supporter of Herr Hitler.

Italy and the East

ANOTHER recent work of the first importance is *L'Italia e Il Levante* (La Rassegna Italiana. Lire 25), a volume of monographs of great value edited by Dr. Tomaso Sillani, who has already placed students of international relations in his debt by his previous books on Libya and the Italian possessions in East Africa. The present work is divided into two parts,

dealing with the past and with to-day, and the former is a piece of extraordinarily sound historical scholarship. Dr. Sillani is to be warmly congratulated upon his realization of the necessity for a secure foundation of knowledge before examining current political problems.

The second portion deals with Italian relations with, and interests in, the countries of the Near, Middle, and Far East. Each article is written by a specialist, and the whole volume is a veritable encyclopædia on the subject of which it treats. Indeed, the book has a moral which the foreigner would do well to grasp, for its pages show the progress that Italian influence is making in parts of the world which others have long considered their own special preserve. A word of praise is also due to the admirable illustrations and maps.

THE
LINKS HOTEL
CROWBOROUGH
A delightful hotel in one of the most beautiful Sun spots of Sussex.
Possessing the atmosphere associated with an English country house, at the same time having all the amenities of a thoroughly up-to-date hotel.
Central heating, open fires in lounges and gas fires and hot and cold water in bedrooms. Excellent food prepared by an experienced chef.
Write for Special Winter Terms.
Six minutes' walk from famous Golf Course.
Hunting with the 'Eridge'
Excellent hunters and hacks may be procured from local stables.
A.A.***
Telephone: Crowborough 40.
Telegrams: Links Hotel, Crowborough.

...the Joy and Good Cheer of Christmas.
£5 will provide parcels of good fare for TEN poor families. 10/- helps one family. Please bring Christmas smiles to thousands in genuine need by sending a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.
CHURCH ARMY

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

CONTENTS

Literary Notes	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Essays	*By William King*
Alice and Henry James	*By Brian Lunn*
Fiction	*By Osbert Burdett*
Limey *v.* Oxford : Second Innings	*By Eric Partridge*
Joseph II	*By J. D. Gregory*
The Poets Anatomized	*By Kenneth Hare*
Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

Humbert Wolfe

IT appears from " Portraits by Inference " (Methuen, 6s.) that Humbert Wolfe does not worship the rising sun, but waits until after lunch before he pays his respects. Flecker, for example, who was known to Mr. Wolfe at Oxford, received no obeisances. " Had we misunderstood? Had we been blind? " Mr. Wolfe represents himself as anxiously wondering, when the first suspicion that he had overlooked an important luminary pricked him. The worst of worshipping the suns of afternoon is that when they have sunk below the horizon the worshipper can hardly expect the suns now riding at high noon to warn him with their hitherto slighted rays. " I saw the brilliant grey eyes for the last time," Mr. Wolfe writes of Flecker. " They looked at me without a flicker of recognition."

Among the vanished suns whom Mr. Wolfe celebrates in this book are Balfour, George Moore and Arnold Bennett. The portraits of Moore and Bennett are delightful. A dash of malice, a stronger dash of sentimentality, and real wit make a whole which may fairly be compared with Heine's sketches of his contemporaries. The Balfour is less delightful. Mr. Wolfe was present when Balfour and Lloyd George received the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Lloyd George sat back in his chair " pale, with angry eyes." Balfour's face " maintained unmoved its expression of polite interest " in the matter which was being discussed when the news arrived. If Balfour's brain had been working to any purpose behind this imperturbability, one would share Mr. Wolfe's admiration for Balfour's calm. But Balfour never had much energy to spare from the task of living up to the emasculated idea of an aristocrat created by the mixed vulgarity and sentimentality of the nineteenth century.

Far the best thing in Mr. Wolfe's book is his account of his entertainment in Paris by his uncle, who very wisely did not throw away money in an attempt to impress his mundane nephew.

H. G. Wells

THE second volume of Mr. Wells's autobiography (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is less candid about Mr. Wells himself than the first, but in compensation contains many brilliant sketches of his contemporaries, Joseph Conrad, Bennett, Henry James, Gissing and others. Shaw and the Webbs are less well done, for his experiences with them affected him too nearly to be narrated with the detachment he can command only where his feelings are not deeply involved. At the close of this book Mr. Wells, referring to the world's present inability to do full justice to itself, says : " Nothing stands in the way . . . but mental tangles, egocentric preoccupations, obsessions, misconceived phases, bad habits of thought, subconscious fears and dreads. . . ." Mr. Wells's

optimism springs not from reason and reflection, but from an irritable impatience with the idea that achievement of any kind requires sustained effort. This autobiography, like all his other books, has been begun in enthusiasm and completed in a hurry. It is unreasonable of Mr. Wells to expect the world to take a turn for the better when, with leisure, fame and money, he continues to write as though beset by creditors.

James Whittaker

"I, James Whittaker" (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) is an extremely interesting record of the first twenty-eight years of Mr. Whittaker's life. Born in 1906, of very poor parents, Mr. Whittaker has experienced all the sufferings which poverty in its worst forms can inflict on human nature. Before he was ten, he was earning a living by delivering seaman's baggage in Liverpool. The sailors gave him better tips than the officers, a captain in the Bibby Line, for whom he carried a bag three miles, rewarding him at the end with a "Thank you." Of the fights round the docks which he used to witness, he writes—"I can hardly believe that primeval man fought with such vileness," and he describes the methods of the fighters, kicking, gouging, stuffing fingers up their opponents' nostrils to tear the cartilage loose, and slashing with broken bottles. Most of the children at his Sunday School were atheists. "I thought," he writes, "of my mother toiling over the steaming tub, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours a day, ... of my wee brothers, lantern-jawed, crying and whimpering often because they were starving. I thought of all the savagery about us; of the landlord's brutality; of the threats uttered by authorities; of the pain, misery, lies, and the wretchedness of our lives . . . and then we had to thank God for His kindness to us. . . . Lots of us kids used to talk at school of the benefits of falling into the clutches of the Law. It always seemed to us that those unfortunates (?) who suffered confinement

and discipline came off better in the long run than the man or boy who tried to do his best alone."

He used, he tells us, to steal a great deal when he was a kid, but never money or valuables. "If I had not taken apples, oranges, pears, even raw vegetables . . . it is very probable that I should not be sitting here to-day."

This book, which apart from its engrossing interest is written extremely well, has been completed against the greatest obstacles. "My eyes have tortured me, the bad light has almost blinded me, the damp in this room has twisted my back in agony. Rain has come in through the roof." Mr. Whittaker deserves a big success, both as a writer and a man, for few books can have been written against such odds.

Maurois on Dickens

THIS book ("Dickens," by André Maurois. John Lane, 5s.) contains a series of lectures delivered by Monsieur Maurois to French students in 1927. The publication of certain new documents since 1927 has led Monsieur Maurois to amplify the text, and the result is a lucid and admirable bird's-eye, or aviator's view of the Dickens country. The only omission of any importance is an account of Dickens' relations with Ellen Ternan. Monsieur Maurois mentions Ellen Ternan, but his authority appears to be Mr. Bechofer Roberts, who glanced at this affair in *This Side Idolatry*. In the April of this year, Mr. Thomas Wright gave an authoritative account of Dickens' relations with Miss Ternan, and the importance in Dickens' last years assigned by Mr. Wright to this unhappy relationship is confirmed by the internal evidence to be found in Dickens' last three novels, in which Ellen Lawless Ternan appears as respectively Estella, Bella Wilfer, and Helena Landless.

The English in Love

THIS anthology ("The English in Love." A Museum of Illustrative Verse and Prose Pieces from the Fourteenth Century to the Twentieth, assembled by C. C.

and D. G., with decorations by John Austen. Martin Secker, 6s.) is excellent value. It contains more than five hundred pages, and is wittily introduced as well as exhaustively compiled. "In making their choice," the anthologists write, "from a formidable accumulation of treasures and trash the collectors have given preference to those pieces in either sort which have not been dulled by repetition." Among the trash one misses Alfred Austin and Owen Meredith, and among the treasures Rochester's greatest lyric and several unhackneyed pearls from Shakespeare, notably Helena's description of Bertram; but since probably at least half of this anthology will be new to even widely-read persons, it is unbecoming of anyone less omniscient than the late Professor Saintsbury to pretend to a greater erudition than C.C. and D.G. show in this admirable volume.

Edith Sitwell

IN "Aspects of Modern Poetry" (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.), Miss Sitwell leaps into the critical arena full of ecstasy and rage. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in *Time and Tide*, states that the objects of her fury, who include Mr. Lewis himself, are none the worse for her bastings. Whether the objects of her love are any the better for her championship, we have yet to learn from Mr. Eliot and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. What Carlyle said of Shelley may be more fairly applied to Miss Sitwell—"The very voice of him, shrill, shrieky, to my ear has too much of the ghost!" Yet there is real feeling and acute and subtle thought in Miss Sitwell's criticism, and if she could remove herself to a reasonable distance from her emotions before she begins to write, she would be one of the best critics of the day.

Romance in 1934

FROM the *Daily Telegraph*, October 27, 1934: "'This is one of the most romantic stories that the prosecution has ever revealed in this or any other court in the Midland

area,' said Mr. Ernest E. Brown at Wednesbury police court yesterday. He was prosecuting in a case in which Enoch Albert Knowles, 57, a labourer, . . . was charged with sending letters threatening to murder and sending obscene communications through the post."

Essays

MAKE IT NEW. ESSAYS. By EZRA POUND. (Faber & Faber, Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

THE publishers of this book assert that the essays contained in it will "to many readers reveal Mr. Pound as the most vitalizing critic of literature in our time." The precise meaning in this connection of the word "vitalizing" is unknown to the present reviewer, who can only say that after exhaustively perusing this volume of Mr. Pound's essays he is fully prepared to agree with the Master of the Temple's recent dictum: "I suppose that publishers must be simple-minded people."

It is surely the first principle of literary criticism that the would-be critic should himself be master of some approximation to a decent style of his own. I should naturally have said a decent English style, were it not for a question of Mr. Pound's: "Is any foreign speech ever our own, ever so full of beauty as our *lingua materna* (whatever *lingua materna* that may be)?" The serious reviewer will wonder what Mr. Pound's is; he gathers from internal evidence that it includes the unusual expressions "monolingual" and "feminolatry." Mr. Pound's comment on page 294, "damn badly written, atrocious vocabulary," is scarcely calculated to commend him as a stylist of importance, and in fact the most obviously heartfelt passage in his whole book is the following: "If only my great correspondent could have seen letters I received about this time from English alleged intellectuals!!!!!!! The incredible stupidity, the ingrained refusal of thought!!!!! Of which more anon, if I can bring myself to it. Or let it pass?" Now here is fine writing, in the best possible tradition, but it is surely a little surprising to find that "the most vitalizing critic of literature" is the only author who has ever seriously modelled his prose on that of Mrs. Amanda M. Ros.

Mr. Pound begins his essay on Henry James by describing it

as "a dull grind of an affair," and it is not for the present reviewer to contradict him. It is delightful to find a critic who has taken the trouble to read that most rewarding of modern writers; it is only depressing that he has put the results on record to such serious discredit of his scholarship and his sensibility. It is absurd to found a discussion on James's opinion of Balzac on the early essay in "French Poets and Novelists" (1878); one can only conclude that Mr. Pound is ignorant of the existence of the vital (if not "vitalizing") article in "Notes on Novelists" (1914). His chronology of the works is not impeccable; he speaks of "The Better Sort" (1903) as "mildish," without realising that this volume includes "The Papers" and "The Birthplace," two stories for which he has given James good marks for some unknown reason under the year 1889; that masterpiece, "The Beast in the Jungle," is not mentioned and is implicitly "mildish." "1893" on page 291 should read "1898"; this is only one of many bad misprints. Finally, the reason why "The Sacred Fount" "is almost the only novel about which James says not a word in his prefaces" is not that he thought it a complete success, but that he definitely found it unsatisfactory and did not therefore include it in the collected edition of his works.

WILLIAM KING.

Alice and Henry James

ALICE JAMES, HER BROTHERS—HER JOURNAL. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THIS volume is really two books, for Miss Burr's introduction is an admirable little history of the James family, which, essential to understanding the journal, is written almost without reference to it.

The journal, covering the years 1889 to 1892, gives us the reflections of an invalid removed by her race as well as condition to the state of pure perception, in which she has given us in disconnected anecdotes pictures of English life more illuminating than any novel of her brother Henry, who made the life of aristocratic England so much his own—a Proust without Proust's poetry.

Henry James says that his sister "exercised her wondrous vigour of judgment on too small a scrap of what really surrounded

her," the fact being that where Henry was subtle she was discriminating. He enjoyed bringing privileged friends to see his talented sister, and she had therefore abundant material to form her own judgments. These show a moral fastidiousness, which contrasts sharply with the fussy verbal fastidiousness of Henry.

Her perception always cut deep to expose shams and pomposity, as when she describes the complacent facetiousness of her specialist. Eight years previously a friend had consulted Sir Andrew Clark who, arriving two hours late, had said immediately after the maid announced him "the late Sir Andrew Clark." When Alice James had to wait for him, she bet her friend that he would make the same remark ". . . the door opens and a florid gentleman enters, and the *late* Sir Andrew falls upon our ears, followed by the selfsame burst of hilarity, rippling down to us through all these years."

We cannot imagine such prevision in Henry James, nor can we imagine him speaking of the "facetious callousness" of Arthur Balfour, or saying, as Alice does on Browning's death, "a pity he didn't die a little sooner, before he made such an unpleasant spectacle of himself last summer with Edward Fitzgerald," or expressing himself in these uncompromising terms on George Eliot's journal: "What a lifeless, diseased, self-conscious being she must have been! Not one burst of joy, not one ray of humour . . . Whether it is that her dank, moaning features haunt and pursue me through the book or not she makes the impression, morally and physically, of mildew or some morbid growth—a fungus of a pendulous shape, or of something damp to the touch . . . If it weren't degrading enough to have headaches, without jotting them down in a row to stare at one for all time, thereby defeating the beneficent law which provides that pain is forgotten." Alice James was qualified to speak of pain with authority, but she writes: "What joys of youth equal this blessed moment of middle life, when, serene and sure of our direction, all the simple incidents of daily life and human complication explain and enrich themselves as they are linked and fitted to the wealth of past experience."

In eighty pages of introduction Miss Burr succeeds in describing the American environment and the other members of the James family, especially Alice's father, who sincerely regarded a money or worldly success as vulgar. Mr. James imparted this attitude to all his descendants except Henry, who could hardly have succeeded so well if he had been of his father's mind, since

the chief essential for social success is that the adulation should be sincere, even if the homage be adroitly disguised. The critical attitude to English manners of his sister would have been an insuperable handicap to Henry. She describes the following railway journey conversation between Sir Michael Hicks Beach and his friends who " unbosomed themselves after the engaging manner that English gentlemen are so erroneously supposed *not* to do. ' You live near the Abercorns, don't you? ' ' Yes.' ' Terribly dreary? ' ' Yes, but very good.' ' I stayed with them once and they sat in only one room, it was awfully dull.' ' You know they are very poor,' etc. The ducal circle crouching over one fire seems piteous enough . . . but the coarse strain in the fibre that permits of publicly proclaiming the poverty and dreariness of quondam hosts is one of the shocks and surprises for the democratic mind, so mistakenly under the illusion of long-descended delicacies and refinements."

BRIAN LUNN.

Fiction

EARTH STOPPED. By T. H. WHITE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
HIGH DUDGEON. By ALBERT FROST. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)
THE NINTH OF JULY. By ROBERT FRASER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE Laughter-cure and the feast of Lupercalia are joys that our neo-Pagans seek at Christmas: nor are they wrong to filch all they can from the varied fare offered, for the nineteen hundred and thirty-fourth time this month. It is something to understand the animal-spirits only. Animal spirits may be a simple form of vitality, of exuberance, but anything, hunting for example, that manages still to survive the slump is worth applause. Mr. Lane Foster is the artist in wash and line to set us roaring, and I am not sure that the very simplest laugh of many in Mr. White's rollicking story of the hunting-field does not expand from Mr. Lane Foster's dust-jacket. This depicts the rumps of two fat horses, on which off to the meet are riding two human-like sausages, short-legged, no-necked, also broad in the beam, who crouch forward on their horses' backs and radiate coarse health, country air, thirst, the seriousness of the business afoot, and, by God! no nonsense from the women.

What a relief to get away from " wut "—the word is Sydney Smith's for wit's misfires in smart, or provincial, parlours—and

to be plunged into the manure of common and half rural Humour! Mr. White's new novel is honest fun despite his scholarship, and it is a critical pleasure to comb the various literary strands that contribute to the new form he, a good writer, has given to a classical convention, peculiarly English.

No parade of erudition is necessary; but it is pleasant to find (*a*) that some of the characters are, Mr. White tells us in passing, descendants of Captain Shotover, and (*b*) that the chapter—mottoes include one from Peacock, because the present writer long ago contended that Bernard Shaw's novels descend, through Peacock's conversation-pieces, from the Socratic dialogue. This last is the simplest critical term to cover such dramatized talk as Shotover's in *Heartbreak House* and such dialogue as the better Shavian novels abound in. Now, we shall be able to quote Mr. White as the authority, which indeed he might very simply have self-confessed by calling this excellent Peacock-Surtees concoction by Mr. Shaw's own complementary title—*Horseback Hall*. Let Mr. White use that for the title of his next story: it would be worth doing if only to prove, by contrast, that Mr. Shaw, being only urban, is, alas, not a wine but merely a tonic. The horse is "a dangerous animal" to the town-bred Mr. Shaw, and in its saddle-room idiom "horse sense" is not one of the qualities explicitly claimed by himself. Of what use would platform-practice be against Mr. Jorrocks when on horseback? Well, Mr. White, like Peacock before and W. H. Mallock after him, gives us a horse party, and then the story tells itself by gusto, the exuberant, jolly, nearly formless gusto of farce, with clown, pantaloon, harlequin, pierrette, not dressed in white tights but in riding-breeches, and set in no moonlit stage, but in the arena of an Arden-like Sussex hunting-field with the house of a current Whig lord for stage-properties, changes of scene, domestic atmosphere and back curtain. Mr. T. H. White is more horsey than Peacock, more susceptible to the Muses than Surtees was. In what, I hope, is a heartfelt confidence, his Professor says:—

> I should like to have six horses, a stone horse and stream in Gloucestershire, the proprietorship of a public house, and the money to keep them up with.

What greedy Christian would not, if he might also be sure of a good cellar and library, and entrust the Burdett Arms to the care of Mr. John Fothergill now that the latter's famous *An Inn Keeper's Diary* has, one prays, freed all his future taverns from the

genteel, cock-tail vomit of motorists from London Town? As book-read as Peacock, as carefree as Surtees, Mr. White has also revived some of the horse-play and ruder strokes of Smollett as well. Now this *is* originality, going back to Panurge and *Lysistrata* so far as our undethronable Mrs. Grundy, who can only snigger over Freud but, despite *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, cannot simplify to aristophanic animalism. Add that Mr. White observes our lip-stick maidens, can bandy the threadbare commonplaces of Communism, is full of verve, and refuses to take the form of farce with the wrong kind of seriousness, and you will realise that *Earth Stopped* may be making England laugh in fifty years.

From Humour to Tomfoolery is a *descensus Averni* for, to this day, Lago d'Averno lies in a hollow below the woods dear to huntsmen, and the lake itself, full like a metropolis of deadly, commercial exhalations, is the porch to a world altogether Lower than anyone of Peacock's day, himself and Cobbett excepted, in all its economic horror foresaw. No country house here; only a house *in* the country, which is very different. If Mr. White's novel is a rough nugget of Humour, Mr. Frost's is the electric-lit glitter of wit, the urban wit that derives, through Wilde and that agelast Whistler, from the Restoration comedy and Anne's days when Congreve proved himself to be the Mozart of dialogue and the tenderer Mr. Gay its Gluck. People who, if any be left, are irked by its clever verbal conjury may suffer from headache at Mr. Frost's undergraduate-frivolity with words. To be clever means to have claws, and he scratches us with his sharp pen like a kitten. One should, however, always be grateful for brains, and Mr. Frost's eyes are as shrewd as an etcher's, though his delight in visible details is such that from them he conjures more character than less clever deeper-sighted writers sometimes evoke from human hearts. He is well served by Mr. Nicholas Bentley, who, in his illustrations, has a parallel talent though he uses a broader technique and, unlike Mr. Frost, is more concerned with the decorative sum-total effect than with an elaborate rococo riot of detail. Mr. Frost's wit is just beyond the frozen, frosted, puddle of abstract cerebration. If he does not integrate, which requires simplicity, he has thoughts: (how many new-minted pennies are equal to a single half-sovereign of gold?). Mr. Frost could enrich his artistic nature by spending six months in Smollett's company. We can be pretty sure that *his* house has a garage. He does not write as if he had hunted anything more warm-blooded

than an epigram. He needs to be crossed with bloodstock, to be put out to grass for a while, to be confined for a whole season to the talk of Pigg, of John Peel, of Squire Western. But, in the week-end cottage convention, he is brilliant, and his more limited urbanized characters are very funny indeed. Mr. Fothergill might help with real beer. Indeed I enjoy Mr. Frost so much that he seems like an illicit temptation.

From hops to grapes with Mr. Ronald Fraser, for Christmas has its poetry, too. All *his* water-colour work has lacked so far is a higher pitch of vitality. He has needed, as Moore used to say to Gosse, to step it out! Reverie is natural to Mr. Fraser. The veil that appearance hangs over reality trembles under his poet's hand. The deeps below, the dark source of life, the nether caverns of sub-consciousness allure the poet in him. It is these that give the Madeira-like quality to his latest prose, always conscientious, sometimes faint but pursuing, beautiful at its best. The tropics, then, where sunshine is glare, where nature is cruel, half-gipsy, half-savage, were the very theme to test, to enrich him. Primrose Hill he has painted. Could his brush also paint the Pampas? *His* Horseback Hall is a cattle-ranch in the Argentine, where the English are metics: in intoxicating, odd surroundings, and show the sea-change they have suffered when the clash of two types conflict. Mr. Fraser's prose does rise, like the sap in the vines, to this southern sunshine, instinctively realizing the life of the Spanish proverb that "all good things come from the South." It is, of those novels of his that I remember, the most dramatic. The story, always moving to us, here also, like the earth, itself moves. He has become his own Galileo, and *The Ninth of July* should awaken the public for whom the beauty he has ensued has not the charm that is the private pleasure of connoisseurs. Why take to school again, on a cruise, when Mr. Fraser can bring the summer to Christmas in London? In Miss Karen, the artist, and in Francis, part business-man part painter, the author apparently has objectified two sides of himself. His readers will be glad that the Karen side wins, for each half is the enemy of the other. Don Alexandro is strange to us, but seams real; and the climax of the story evokes some golden sayings.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Limey v. Oxford: Second Innings

LIMEY BREAKS IN. By JAMES SPENSER. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.)
THE LANGUAGE OF CRICKET. By W. J. LEWIS. (Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.)

LAST year and in these columns, I had the privileged pleasure of reviewing Mr. Spenser's first book, "Limey," and "The Shorter Oxford Dictionary." In the meantime, "Limey" has left the American gangsters to their own crudely sinister devices, and Oxford has turned its attention to the vocabulary of our national game—the one game that the Continental "smash-and-grabbers" have not filched. Second innings scores are rarely so big as those made in the first; the batsmen-authors have to be more cautious. Mr. Spenser is not so dashing and spectacular as he showed himself in his first book, while Mr. Lewis's score cannot be compared with that amassed by the four editors of "The Shorter Oxford," as it is affectionately called already. But if Mr. Spenser is now quieter, he is actually more interesting than in "Limey," in which he did rather tend to "sixes" over the boundary. Mr. Lewis is also quiet and unobtrusive, but he plays an admirably straight bat and may fairly be accorded the applause due to a "centurion."

"James Spenser," with a most fetching dignity, asks "journalists who know [him] under [his] real name, and detectives who know [him] under several names, to keep mum about [his] actual identity": anyone who ignores that request deserves all that the underworld can give him in the way of body-line. Here, Mr. Spenser tells, directly, frankly, sensibly, unpretentiously, yet very effectively, the story of his life up to the time he joined the gangsters in America. All who have read "Limey" must read "Limey Breaks In." Those who have read neither would do well to see this very good sportsman in action: these unfortunates are fortunate in that they can, as certainly they should, read "Limey Breaks In" before they read "Limey." There is something "about" a man who can say: "I have lived for many years as a rebel and a criminal, but Society has at last got me by the tail. During the last two years I have lived as honestly as the next man. I hope to stay that way." It's "up to" Society, Mr. Spenser, to keep you there.

Mr. Lewis also "plays the game," with the result that his

innings will not only delight every player and lover of cricket but instruct and please every word-lover. His book is both a mine of information and an illumination. He has drawn on his own enviable knowledge and on such stalwarts among cricket historians as Beldham and Fry, Caffyn, Cardus, Egan, Gale, Grace, Harris, Hobbs, Lillywhite, Noble, Nyren, Pycroft, Ranjitsinhji, Trevor and Warner, to cite a few among many. In the second edition, he should include *bags I first go*, *bowl for timber*, *homesters*, *rasper*, *reg*, *rot-funk*, *wheel-up*, and Mr. Ivor Brown's pun on leg-theory.

To both writers, "Well, oh! well played, Sir!"

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Joseph II.

JOSEPH THE SECOND: THE REVOLUTIONARY EMPEROR. By S. K. PADOVER. (Jonathan Cape).

It has been said of Joseph II that he meant most and did least. But he meant most à la Voltaire, à la Rousseau, and he did least, because to graft the ideas of the Enlightenment on to the barock nature of Austria was to attempt the impossible. The essence of Josephinism was the breach with the barock tradition, whether in religion, art or custom, which meant in effect a mortal blow aimed at the culture that is Austria. The dilettante Febronianism which the Emperor affected as a fashion rather than from conviction was a doctrine as alien to the national psychology as was the Liberalism of which he laid the foundation and which has only been exploded in our own day. Whatever his merits in the field of social reform—and for these he is still cherished under the title of the People's Emperor—it is not he, but his illustrious mother who, in these days of stress, when after desperate struggles Austria is one more finding her soul, lives as the true Austrian and the true Hapsburg.

It is hard enough for any foreign, let alone an American, biographer to appreciate the peculiar subtlety of the Austrian temperament, but Mr. Padover disqualifies himself forthwith when he describes Vienna, the second most alluring capital in Europe, as "a crude and uninspiring cluster of structures"—no doubt incomparable with American towns. His mentality is clearly that which Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis would describe

as delighting in superior plumbing, and the whole work is constructed on the orthodox lines of fifty years ago. He is obsessed by the antiquated bogeys of "reaction" and "clericalism", and falls helplessly into the new obscurantism which is several degrees more obtuse than that which his subject set out to cure.

Certainly he is not too enamoured of Joseph, whom he describes, with exaggeration, as "a perfectly inhuman creature, devoid of all natural affection", but it is flying impudently in the face of historical fact to refer to Maria Teresa as "a bigoted and fanatical reactionary" and to ignore the whole of the reform movement which, with far greater insight and balance than her impulsive son, she set going. As Frederick II said of him, "He takes the second step before the first." Nobody, not even his most rationalistic admirers, has pretended that Joseph was a pleasant character. Nor do his better qualities compensate for his cynicism, his ruthless introduction of disastrous autarchy, his inquisitorial methods, his disregard of everybody's susceptibilities, his shabby treatment of Mozart. In this latter connection Maria Teresa said of him in a historic phrase, which Mr. Padover omits to quote, "I am teaching my Joseph to like music, in order that he may grow less hard." Yet his benevolent achievements, his opening to the public of the great parks of Vienna, his foundation of charitable institutions, hospitals and elementary schools, his creation of a German national theatre (which is not mentioned in the book), show that he could not actually have been devoid of all feeling of humanity. The biography fails utterly to throw any real light on this complex character; nor, in fact, is any analysis, in the modern sense, attempted. Nor can it be said that the ecclesiastical measures, for which the reign is notorious, are portrayed in any connected or specialized form. The famous "Religionsfonds", for instance, on which the whole Josephinist policy was based, is dealt with in the most sketchy way.

The account of Joseph's foreign policy is less open to criticism, though it is somewhat arbitrary to trace a logical sequence from the Partition of Poland in 1772 to the Murder at Serajevo in 1914. Nevertheless, the author is at home in the actual political facts of the period, and his account of Kaunitz, of whom he had previously written a study, is his best contribution. Nor is he wrong in stressing Joseph as the true exponent of the Germanic

idea in contrast to his francophil rival, Frederick the Great. But, given the journalistic strain which permeates the book, it would have been appropriate to point a parallel between Joseph and Hitler and so explain why the one and the other are so fundamentally inimical to the spirit of the Austrian people. For it was Joseph who invented what in the Third Reich is now known as Gleichschaltung, a standardization of men and values, which is the one thing that cultured Austria will never tolerate. With the death of Joseph the evil system collapsed in a flash, and so there is hope that the day is not far off when its revival will prove to have been equally artificial in the truly Germanic world. Meanwhile, there is much that is instructive in the study of the nefarious Prussian methods employed to undermine Austria in 1789, when Jacobi, the Prussian emissary, played a very similar part to that which was assigned to the infamous Habicht last year and possibly the still more infamous von Papen to-day. At least we may be grateful to Mr. Padover for this exposure of the age-long trickery of Berlin.

There is a ponderous bibliography in approved fashion, but that Kralik's Austrian History, which is the most authoritative of our day, not to speak of the profound studies of Austrian psychology by Hermann Bahr, should have been omitted, is a strange lapse. Had they been consulted, the book might have been written from another, and happier, angle.

J. D. GREGORY.

The Poets Anatomized

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY. By EDITH SITWELL. (Duckworth. 8s. 6d. net.)

"THE reason why Mathew Arnold, to my feeling, fails entirely as a poet (though no doubt his ideas were good—at least, I am told they were) is that he had no sense of touch whatever. Nothing made any impression on his skin. He could feel neither the shape nor the texture of a poem with his hands." Opening "The Pleasures of Poetry" at random, my eye lighted on this paragraph. As to "shape," the staza in which the "Scholar Gipsy" is composed, and which is of the poet's own invention, has always seemed to me as lovely as it is original. But to what strange

conclusions will not such criticism as this conduct us! Why trouble about Mathew Arnold's "skin," or "touch," and what is the simile implied? Is the anthologist thinking of the weaver's craft, or the potter's, or the miller's? Why not trench upon the farrier's for a change, and see how this will look? "The reason why Mathew Arnold failed to compose verses, is that he had weak arms. The man was totally deficient in biceps. He could shoe neither a horse nor a mule!" Later in the book, the unhappy Hellenist and poet is again rough-housed. ". . . when Mathew Arnold ends one of his better poems, "Nightingale," with these lines:

Infinite passion
Infinite pain,

he, together with all other *versifiers of the same class* (the italics are mine), is deluded into believing that mere mention of such words as "infinite," "passion," "pain," will produce a remarkable effect, because of their association. But in this case, the lines fall down, they seem unexperienced, merely cerebral," etc., etc. The lines *are* merely cerebral; in fact they are actively unpleasant. But then Miss Sitwell should take herself seriously to task for rewriting Mathew Arnold. As *he* composed the lines, they ran,

Eternal passion
Eternal pain!

So far the "pleasures of poetry" which Miss Sitwell derives from one who taught Proserpina to brush with her white feet the Cumner cowslips, are distinctly negative.

The anthologist's main interest, in this volume, is with the analysis of the technical processes of the poets she selects. (Burns is conspicuous by his absence, Moore—alas!—by his presence.) A reader interested in muted vowels, alliterations, dissonances, and so forth, will find it all here, and I am prepared to believe that it could not be better done. But let me confess that there is to me something of the scientific ghoul about him who applies scientific methods to work never conceived in a scientific spirit. Keats complained of those who by promulgating their knowledge of the rainbow's "woof" and "texture," left it but one more item in the "dull catalogue of common things," and certainly I derive less pleasure from a poetic effect, when the mechanism by which it is *partly* produced is forced willy-nilly into my intellectual consciousness. This is to show me the bare bones of Andromeda's

A Child's Gratitude

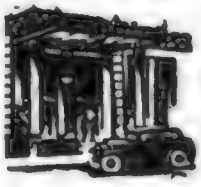
We wish that you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 (think of it!) have been ensured a happier life since the Society's foundation. You can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to Wm. J. Elliott, Director.

N·S·P·C·C

Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL



De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W.

DELIGHTFULLY situated, facing the Park; offering quiet luxury, large finely-furnished bedrooms, excellent cuisine, complete but unostentatious service. Modern hot and cold water installation throughout.

Weekly Terms from 4 guineas.
Room, bath and breakfast from 9/-

Telephone: Western 4872. | *Telegrams:* Suavively, Kens., London.

Brochure on application to the Manager:
W. G. RUSSELL.

HEREFORDSHIRE

An exhaustive survey and inventory of the Historical Monuments of Herefordshire has now been completed by the Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England. It is in three volumes, each of which is lavishly illustrated by original photographs. The Royal Commission has missed no antiquity of note and its survey will remain an enduring record of the historic associations of a charming English county.

Vol. I. S.W. Herefordshire 30s. (31s.)
Vol. II. East Herefordshire 30s. (30s. 9d.)
Vol. III. N.W. Herefordshire 30s. (30s. 9d.)

DEPRESSED AREAS

The Ministry of Labour has now presented to Parliament Reports of the Investigations into the Industrial Conditions in certain Depressed Areas. The Reports are obviously of first rate importance for any re-planning of industrial life in the regions surveyed. Cmd. 4728. 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d.)

AN ECONOMIC SURVEY OF THE COLONIAL EMPIRE

The Colonial office has prepared a comprehensive survey in one volume of all the essential facts relating to the economic position of the various parts of the Colonial Empire. Ample statistical material accompanies each section of the survey. Fscap. folio, pp. 574. 25s. (25s. 9d.)

TREES AND SHRUBS

The Fourth Edition of the popular "Handlist of Trees and Shrubs (excluding Coniferæ) cultivated in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew" is now ready. In the last few years a large number of additions have been made to the Kew Collections both of hardy trees and shrubs and half-hardy shrubs and gardeners will welcome this up-to-date volume. 5s. 6d. (5s. 9d.)

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
EDINBURGH: 120 George St. MANCHESTER: York St.
CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Cres. BELFAST: 80 Chichester St.
Or through any Bookseller.

sea-monster, all neatly bleached in the museum at South Kensington. Dr. Bridges first blazed this trail with his scientific researches into the prosody of Milton. The method was practically unthought of before, except by schoolmasters engaged in giving boys a distaste for Latin verse. "Look in thy heart and write." There is danger in becoming craft-conscious. The nightingale does'nt sing from the score. Were it possible to demand of Aeschylus what is meant by an antispastic acatalectic tetrameter, might he not excuse his ignorance on the grounds that application to poetry left him no time for other studies?

KENNETH HARE.

Books Recommended

EDGAR ALLAN POE. A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. UNA POPE-HENNESSY. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)
THE OXFORD BOOK OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. (Oxford. 8s. 6d.)
FOX. CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)
A SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)
THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON. IAN COLVIN. Vol. 2. (Gollancz. 15s.)
AVOWALS AND DENIALS. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen. 6s.)
IN SEARCH OF MOZART. HENRI GHÉON. (Sheed and Ward. 15s.)
THE WILFRED WARDS AND THE TRANSITION. VOL. 1. MAISIE WARD. (Sheed & Ward. 15s.)
KARL MARX. EDWARD HALLETT CARR. (J. M. Dent. 12s. 6d.)
HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. BENEDETTO CROCE. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)
MEMOIRS OF SIR LOWRY COLE. EDITED BY MAUD LOWRY COLE AND STEPHEN GWYNN. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)
SIR THOMAS MORE. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)
THE MIND OF NAPOLEON. R. MCNAIR WILSON. (Routledge. 10s. 6d.)
THE POET AS CITIZEN. SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. (Cambridge University Press. 9s.)
PRINCE RUPERT. JAMES CLEUGH. (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

AT this season of the year our thoughts turn to those who are less fortunate than ourselves in so many ways, and to those institutions which are for ever striving to help them. I never read the many appeals made to the charitable without wishing for a bottomless purse, in order to be able to give as much as one would like—one could never give as much as is deserved. I try to think sometimes how we could possibly repay those who are constantly at work trying to stem the Cancer scourge, trying to find the cause and the cure for this most terrible disease. But at least we can do something; we can support with subscriptions the wonderful work of the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road. As Mr. J. B. Priestley wrote "when people realise that the Cancer Hospital is in such desperate need of money to carry on its great work . . . they will instantly come to your support." I sincerely hope he is right. And when you get out your cheque books will you remember that cancer research and treatment are expensive and that this hospital carries on its magnificent work all the time under the shadow of a £40,000 overdraft.

* * *

AND while we are writing in the sacred name of charity, let us above all remember at this festival season, the children. I am told that since the foundation of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, it has been the means of bringing happiness into the life of over four million children. Here surely is a cause worthy of our support.

* * *

MANY of us who are fathers will soon be digging out that old red cloak and that rather dusty beard in order once more to become Santa Claus. And having filled our children's stockings, watched them asleep in their own comfortable cots, let us give a thought to those destitute little ones who, but for Dr. Barnardo's heaven-sent inspiration would have no cot in which to sleep, nor a stocking even to put their feet in. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes his work goes on. You can be a Santa Claus to one of the five children that come into that great family every day of every year. They can feed a child for a fortnight for ten shillings, and they are supporting 8,500 children now. I pray your help for the home which never turns one child away.

* * *

AMONGST the many richly deserving causes calling for our support, none better deserves it than the Church Army. Our old friend and helper of the poor, Prebendary Carlisle, still needs all the assistance we can give him for those thousands of poor and needy whose hope for happiness at Christmas would otherwise be very slender. It seems only a few years ago—but I am afraid it is actually about thirty—when he was attracting visitors from many parts of London to hear him at St. Mary at Hill, Monument. And through all the years

since, his organization has been quietly giving a helping hand to those most in need of it; let us help the Church Army to keep on doing good.

* * *

IT seems to me that those who do something, in whatever way, to train young lads into becoming worthy men, are doing a work of exceptional value to the nation, and when they are making such a wonderful job of it as is done aboard the "Arethusa" training ship, they deserve the backing of all right-thinking people. The old "Arethusa" made fine sailors of nearly 13,000 boys, the new ship bearing this famous name will undoubtedly beat that record; but only if we help them to do it. It cost a lot of real money to equip the new "Arethusa" and they are still in debt to the tune of £10,000. To take poor lads off the streets and see them through into the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine, is a praiseworthy spot of work and we who realize how much we depend on the men in those services should at least do what we can to keep the flag flying on the new "Arethusa." And what we can do is to send a subscription to the offices in Shaftesbury Avenue, where they will be very grateful for any help you can give.

* * *

THE attraction of Winter Sports in Switzerland is becoming wider than ever; it is not hard to understand the reason, for I suppose no other country offers such glorious opportunities to both novice and expert, nor caters so well for its visitors. There seems to be no doubt that the season will be a good one, bookings are well ahead, and Switzerland is preparing for a big rush of "winter-sporters." Ski-ing adds every year to the number of its enthusiasts, which is not surprising, for in Switzerland at the many ski-ing centres the beginner can get careful coaching and instruction and there are many excellent grounds for practice. The skating and curling rinks attract large numbers of visitors, and when one remembers the opportunities for bob-sleighing, the toboggan runs, ice hockey, skating, etc., it is easy to realize why winter in Switzerland with its unique appeal, attracts an increasing number of devotees.

* * *

I HEARD from the London Office of the Swiss Federal Railways a useful bit of information for those who like to have an idea of the cost of a winter holiday in Switzerland. The vagaries of rates of exchange, whilst they may be easily understood in Threadneedle Street, are a bit mysterious to many of us. So it is very helpful to know that from December 15 to the middle of April next all hotels at the Swiss Winter Sports Centres will accept payment in sterling at a fixed exchange rate of 16 francs to the £. This facility will also be accorded by hotels at intermediate Swiss resorts on the direct routes to the Sports centres. This measure will have the very desirable effect of enabling British visitors to calculate the cost of their stay without having an uncertain exchange to cope with.

* * *

I OUGHT to mention Engelberg, which has been described as "The Ski-ers' Paradise," for there are slopes, jumps and runs of all length to suit beginners or experts. Snow is certain at Trubsee, 6,000 feet above sea, which is reached by funicular and aerial ropeway, from November to April, and in the lower slopes from mid-December to March. There are also very good skating rinks, the only covered curling rink in Switzerland and the Winter Kurverein see that there are plenty of amusements for visitors and that many important championships are arranged at Engelberg. Above all, the hotels are excellent and their proprietors

have sensibly tried to meet the money exchange difficulties by quoting their English guests in sterling. Their prices, with all this, are reasonable, ranging from 15*s.* per day according to the class of hotel chosen.

* * *

AT Jungfraujoch where there is the highest railway station in Europe—11,340 feet high on the Jungfrau the famous Oberland peak, winter visitors are also to be provided with the highest cabaret in the world, the hotel at the terminus having arranged for music and dancing and cabaret turns for the entertainment of visitors—saxophones will be sighing in the snowfields!

* * *

NO doubt at this season our palates will have much to enjoy, at any rate we should give them only the things that can be enjoyed and appreciated, and in this connection let me mention a French Vermouth which I can recommend without qualification. It is named "Fontorice," a product of the House of Cinzano, Turin, and is made at their Marseilles establishment. It has a very fine, a subtle flavour, and, as the old tag has it, will be "chosen by connoisseurs"; it is a Vermouth you should have.

* * *

THE problem of our Christmas presents is with us again, but I was able to deal with several of mine by looking through a range of Eversharp Pencils and Pens. I had one of the silver Eversharp pencils as a gift a year or two ago and knowing how practical and lasting they are, I did not hestitate to make a selection from the very fine series now put out by the Eversharp people. As well as their pencils they have some quite distinctive styles and colours in Fountain pens, including the new adjustable nib pen.

* * *

AND talking of Christmas presents, one of the best I can think of for the menfolk is a suit of "Luvisca" pyjamas. They are easy to get, for all the leading outfitters have them; they run in a great variety of striped designs and plain shades, so the choice is wide enough to please all kinds of tastes.

* * *

THE LLOYD-GEORGE—HAIG controversy is by no means dead as a live topic of Club Gossip. It will continue until the publication of the Haig Memoirs, which I understand are now well on their way towards completion, and will most emphatically controvert the special pleadings of the ex-Prime Minister. These, and the volume of the "Official History of the War," which will deal with the Passchendaele battles should be the last word on the matter. Future historians will have their aid in deciding the issues and the final judgement will largely rest on the combined analysis of the three books.

* * *

IT is remarkable that now, over sixteen years after the war, the "Official History of the War" has not progressed beyond the first stages of the Somme Battle in 1916. It gives some idea of the enormous number of documents and reports that have to be examined and the thousand-and-one incidents in the many battles comprehended in the one title of the big Battle analysed.

The modern Battle lasts for weeks and months, and when it comes to those

that made up the Passchendaele Offensive, two Volumes will be required. The war will probably be twenty years past when the full official story of Passchendaele is to hand.

* * *

THE England–Italy football match produced a lively scrap. I wonder if football is a suitable game for the excitable Southerner, and that its best appeal is to the more phlegmatic Northerner.

When British troops played Russian soldiers in the Murmansk Field Force of 1919 the Russians played very well and quite fairly. But it is only right to say that for some weeks previous to the game when it was decided to allow the Russian Regiments under British Command to play football the first practice games among the Russians themselves developed into a hacking of shins, and neither stomachs nor heads were free from assault. No one of the injured seemed to care. But the offenders were nearly all men from South Russia. The Russian of the North was not nearly so excitable, and when the team was chosen to play a team of British soldiers there was only one Southern Russian in it.

* * *

THIS cold raw weather—and it will be colder still—makes one remember the "Down and Outs," for whom happily there are some noble workers, even if that number is not large enough. I was greatly interested in the "Good Companions Centre," in which Mr. J. B. Priestley takes great and active interest.

The Y.M.C.A. have lent their Hall at 1, Goldington Street, Pancras Road, N.W.1, where free breakfasts, beds and baths for "down and outs" are provided, and there is a clinic for blistered feet, which is of great value.

* * *

MR. PRIESTLEY has himself paid off a substantial overdraft at the Bank and in his anxiety to secure funds for a continuation of the good work—its development depends entirely on funds—he will autograph any copy of his well-known book "Good Companions" if it is sent to him c/o Miss A. E. Windsor, Wayside, Cronks Hill, Redhill, Surrey, accompanied by a donation of five shillings to the Centre. Well, here is a chance for all who read these lines to send a Christmas Gift to help those less fortunate than themselves, and their number these days is still very large.

* * *

THE Irish Hospitals Sweep business seems in a greater muddle than ever. According to Sir John Gilmour everyone who cares to send a ten-shilling postal order to Dublin can do so and receive in return a Sweep ticket, and by so doing remains safe against any breakage of the new laws. This gives the Sweep authorities a better chance to rake in English money than they have ever had.

* * *

IT is all very well prohibiting the publication of the prize lists. Winners can have their monies lodged in a Free State Bank and open banking accounts there and draw on them just as if they had an account here in England. And some of the Irish banks have arrangements whereby all cheques drawn on them are cashed free of all charge by their English agents. Many people would be quite as satisfied to have a big balance in an Irish bank as in an English or Scottish. The Irish banks are managed very conservatively and are first-class institutions.

LONDON.

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON.
Telephone: Temple Bar 4343.

PICCADILLY HOTEL. Regent 8000. Tels.: Piqudillo. Cabaret and Dancing in Restaurant and Grill. Restaurant Dinner or Supper 10/6. Grill Dinner 7/6 or à la carte. Evening Dress not essential in Grill.

HOTEL YORK, Berners Street, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 6862-3-4-5.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station, W.2.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, Hart Street, W.C.1. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8/6 per night. Phone: Holborn 3646. Tels.: "Bookcraft, London."

THACKERAY HOTEL, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Facing British Museum. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room & Breakfast from 8/6. 'Phone: Museum 1230.

ROYAL COURT HOTEL. Sloane Square, S.W.1. Sloane 9191. Renowned for good Restaurant, 120 rooms with C.Heat.H.&C. water. Fr. 8s. double. Priv.Bath fr. 20s.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Russell Square. 650Rooms with H.&C. water. Bath and full Breakfast from 9/6, Double 16/6.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 1010.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 4472.

WHITE HALL RESIDENTIAL HOTELS LTD.,
92, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.
Overlooking Hyde Park. P.O. Telephone in every Bedroom. Central Heating. Electric Lift. Garage. Terms from £4 4 0 per week. Telephone: Paddington 3500.

4, MONTAGUE STREET, W.C.1.
Large Private Garden. Adjoining British Museum. Central Heating. Passenger Lift. Terms from £3 13 6 per week. Telephone: Museum 4425.

DE VERE HOTEL. Kensington, W. Opposite Palace gardens. Moderate charges.

SCOTLAND.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN.

ALLAN WATER HOTEL. Central for Trossachs, Rob Roy Country, etc.

CRIEFF.

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL. On the Great North Road to Scottish Highlands. Tels.: "Premier, Crieff."

SCOTLAND—(*continued*).

GLASGOW.

MORE'S HOTEL. Ideal in every respect. Moderate charges.

GULLANE, N.B. (EAST LOTHIAN).

MARINE HOTEL. Opposite Muirfield Golf Course. Hot and Cold water throughout.

BISSET'S FAMOUS GOLFING HOTEL. Beside Golf Courses. Comfortable. 1st. Cl. Excellent Food. Personal Atten. Illus. Tariff on request. A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. 'Ph. 3.

PERTHSHIRE.

KENMORE HOTEL. Golfing, Tennis, Fishing, Motoring. Restful, bracing.

PITLOCHRY.

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL. Nine Lawn Tennis Courts. Grounds 46 acres. Garage 80 cars.

IRELAND.

ACHILL ISLAND (Co. Mayo).

THE VALLEY HOUSE. Fully licensed. Own Golf. Tennis. Lake and Sea Fishing. Bathing.

SEASIDE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOTEL RIPOSO. Facing Sea. Adjoining Golf Links. Tels.: "Riposo, Bexhill." 'Phone: 472.

NORMANHURST HOTEL. Sea front. Gas fires. Lift. Fully licensed. Night Porter. 'Phone 68.

GRANVILLE HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Moderate charges. 'Phone 1437.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, THANET.

BERESFORD HOTEL. Golf, Tennis, Sea-water Baths and Electrical Treatment. 'Phone: Birchington 101.

BOURNEMOUTH.

BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO. Hotel comforts. Hydro baths. 'Phone: 341. Modern Gas fires. Lift.

GROSVENOR HOTEL. West Cliff. Central heating; h. and c. water all rooms. Tels.: "Grovenotel." 'Phone: 806.

BROCKENHURST.

BROCKENHURST HOTEL. Tel.74. Away from noise. Every comfort. Excellent cuisine. Chef. 70,000 acres of forest & moorland. Golf. Hunting. Apply Manageress.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

BRIGHTON.

DUDLEY HOTEL. Adjoining Hove Lawns. Licensed, Lift, Night Porter, H. & C. Water in bedrooms, Central Heating. Bed, Breakfast and Bath 10s. 6d. 'Phone: 4910 Hove. Tels.: Devonian Brighton. Write for tariff, Proprietor.

GRAND HOTEL. Facing sea, covered terrace. Best Family. From 6 guineas week, inclusive.

HOTEL CURZON. Facing sea. Licensed. Quiet. Lift. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 5314 Brighton.

OLD SHIP HOTEL. On the Sea Front. Garage. From 5½ gns. weekly. 'Phone: 2031.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL. Unrivalled situation. Unique marine views. Moderate charges.

BUDE (Cornwall).

HAER LODGE HOTEL (Private). Standing in own grounds. Close sea and adjoining Golf Links. Central Heating. H. & C. running water in all Bedrooms. Recommended Winter Residence. 'Phone: Bude 206.

BURNHAM-ON-SEA.

BURNHAM GOLF HOTEL. Close to Famous Links. H. & C. water. Garages. Tennis. 'Phone 142.

DARTMOUTH (Devon).

THE RALEIGH HOTEL. First-class Family. R.A.C. and A.A. Hot and Cold water in all rooms. 'Phone 44.

EASTBOURNE.

ANGLES PRIVATE HOTEL. Sea front. 128 Bedrooms. Dance room. Billiards. Resident Propr. 'Phone: 311.

SUSSEX HOTEL. Cornfield Terrace. Grill room. 'Phone: 362.

HOWARD HOUSE HOTEL (Private). Ideal position. 1 min. Sea; Devonshire Park. 'Phone 846.

FALMOUTH.

FALMOUTH HOTEL. Leading Hotel Cornish Riviera. Due South, facing sea, picturesque scenery. Moderate Tariff. R. J. S. Fields, Manager.

GREENBANK HOTEL. First Class, situated immediately on the water's edge. Overlooking the lovely Harbour, St. Mawes and Pendennis Castles.

FISHGUARD, PEM.

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL. Adjoining Harbour. 40 bedrooms.

FOWEY (Cornwall).

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL. Unique position. Facing Sea. Unlicensed. 27 Bedrooms.

FOLKESTONE.

AVONDALE HOTEL. On sea front facing South. From 3½ guineas. 'Phone 3730. Props., Mr. and Mrs. W. Meadmore.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS.

ADELPHI HOTEL. 100 rooms. H. & C. running water. C. Heating, licensed. From 10/6 daily incl. Garage.

ALBANY HOTEL. A. A. & R. A. C. Finest position on front.

THE NEW QUEEN'S HOTEL. Leading and best. Moderate charges.

YELTON PRIVATE HOTEL. 50 rooms. Next door to Pavilion. Opposite Pier. From 3 gns. Tel.: 614.

HOVE—BRIGHTON.

ST. CATHERINE'S LODGE HOTEL, Kingsway. Facing Sea. H. & C. running water. 50 rooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 3404 Hove. Tel.: "Cheerful," Brighton.

HUNSTANTON-ON-SEA.

LE STRANGE ARMS AND GOLF LINKS HOTEL. Close sea. Own Golf Course free. 'Phone: 10.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL. Opposite Pier. 'Phone 18. Hot water in bedrooms. Hard Tennis Courts.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

BEACH HOTEL. Ideal situation facing the South and overlooking sea.

MILFORD-ON-SEA.

KINGSMEDE. Close to sea. Garage. Lawn Tennis. Good Library. 'Phone 89.

NEWQUAY.

WATERGATE BAY HOTEL (Near Newquay). Finest position on coast. Everything excellent. 'Phone: 25.

PAIGNTON.

REDCLIFFE HOTEL. Best position on sea front. H. & C. water. Central Heating. 'Phone 82533.

PENARTH.

(10 minutes Cardiff.)

ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Excellent Cooking and Wines. Special Residential Terms. 'Phone: 657 & 658. A. E. King, Resident Owner.

RYDE, I.O.W.

ROYAL ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. Tels.: "Band," Ryde. 'Phone: 293.

ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA.

GRAND HOTEL. Close to Golf Club and open-air swimming bath. 'Phone: 55.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

ST. IVES (Cornwall).

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL. 75 bedrooms. 100 acres grounds.

HOTEL CHY-AN-ALBANY. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Bay. Near Beach, Tennis, Golf. 100 Guests. 'Phone: 59.

SHALDON (S. Devon).
(Near Torquay. Near Teignmouth.)

DUNMORE HOTEL. A really First Class Hotel, with all modern conveniences. 'Phone: Shaldon 2.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.

ROYAL SPA HOTEL. Only Hotel on sea front. Terms moderate. Officially appointed A.A. & R.A.C. 'Phone: 67

SIDMOUTH.

BELMONT HOTEL. First-class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators in Bedrooms.

FORTFIELD HOTEL. Modern. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators. Garage.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First Class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running Water and Radiators. Lock-up Garage.

SOUTHPORT.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First-class Family. Lifts. Garage. Running water in all Rooms. En Pension from 15s.

TORQUAY.

ARGYLL HALL PRIVATE HOTEL. Overlooking Bay. Magnificent view. Excellent cuisine. For en Pension terms, apply Proprietor. 'Phone: 2268.

GRAND HOTEL. First Class. Best position. Sea Front. Golf 18 holes, Tennis, Squash, etc., free.

OSBORNE HOTEL, TORQUAY. Facing full South and the Sea. Away from all noise and traffic. Fully licensed. Garage for 50 Cars. Illustrated Brochure from Manager.

PALM COURT HOTEL. Level. Sea Front. Fully Licensed. H. & C. Every Modern Comfort. Terms Moderate.

THE BEDFORD PRIVATE HOTEL. Central & restful. Good cuisine. Inclusive from 3 gns. weekly. 'Phone: 3502.

VENTNOR, I.O.W.

BURLINGTON HOTEL. First-class. Facing Sea. Central Heating. Garage. From 9s. per day. 'Phone: 123.

WALMER.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT HOTEL. H. & C. running water all Bedrooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone 252. Deal.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

WESTWARD HO!

GOLDEN BAY HOTEL. Leading N. Devon Hotel. Facing sea & famous Golf Links. Large garage. 'Phone: 14.

SPAS AND HYDROS.

BATH.

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL. Lifts. Central heating. Intercommunication with Corporation bath. Tel.: "Pumpotel."

SPA HOTEL. Running H. & C. water and Radiators all rooms. Nine acres. Lift. Orchestra. Own Garage. The quietest hotel position in Bath. Telephone 4224-5. Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

BUXTON.

SPA HOTEL. 240 rooms. H. & C. Water and Radiators. Garage. Tels.: "Comfortable."

EASTBOURNE.

HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHCLIFF. Facing sea and Beachy Head. South aspect. Ballroom. 'Phone: 643.

HARROGATE.

THE CAIRN HYDRO. Luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. Write for illustrated Brochure.

HARROGATE HYDRO. Ideal situation. Accommodation 300. Lift. H. & C. all rooms. Tariff on request. Established 1878.

LEAMINGTON SPA.

ALKERTON PRIVATE HOTEL. South aspect. Comfortable. Moderate Tariff. Garage. R.A.C. 'Phone 510.

MATLOCK.

CHATSWORTH HYDRO. Glorious situation. Nearest Moors and Golf Links. Lift. A.A., R.A.C. 'Phone 9.

SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro, Matlock. For Health, Rest or Pleasure, 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illustrated Prospectus free.

THE LILYBANK HYDRO. R.A.C. Appointed Hotel. Accommodation, 130 Visitors. 6 acres of pleasure gardens. Sun lounge, "Vita" glass. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Lift. From £3 10s. per week.

WOODHALL SPA.

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Fully licensed. Garage.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY.

AYLESBURY (Bucks).

BULL'S HEAD HOTEL. 15th-Century Hostelry. Well known to Motorists. Luncheons. Garage. 'Phone 120.

BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST.

MONTAGU ARMS. 12 miles from Southampton. Thoroughly up-to-date Country Hotel, Oak-panelled, Furnished as Gentleman's Country House. Sunny, warm winter climate. Every Comfort in beautiful setting. Private Suites. Comfortable Lounge. Central Heating. Hot and Cold water in Bedrooms. Electric Light. Garages.

CARDIFF.

ROYAL HOTEL. Close to station. First-class. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Grill room. Motor omnibus.

CIRENCESTER.

(The town with the sporting atmosphere.)

KING'S HEAD HOTEL. R.A.C., A.A.*** Excellent cuisine. Specially reduced terms for winter months to suit present conditions. H. & C. running water in bedrooms. Hunting, Golf, Tennis (6 hard courts), Squash, Bowls. 'Phone 55.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, KESWICK-ON-DERWENT-WATER. 70 Bedrooms with H. & C. running water and some with private baths. Suites, Dance Room, Palm Lounge, Lift. Write for Tariff. Telephone 23 and 238.

THE KESWICK HOTEL. First-class. Centre English Lakes. Elec. Lift & Light. Cent. Htg. 'Phone: 20 Keswick.

ARMATHWAITE HALL HOTEL. All modern comforts. Elec. Lift & Light. 'Phone: 20 Bassenthwaite Lake. Proprs.: J. & M. Wivell & Son.

HINDHEAD

PINEHURST, WITLEY, SURREY. (Nr. Hindhead and Haslemere.) 3 mins. Witley Stn. For Sunshine, Pines, Golf. 10 acres beautiful grounds. Home Produce. R.A.C., A.A. Res. Props.: Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Hollowell.

LEWES.

WHITE HART HOTEL. 14th Century. Write for illustrated souvenir and Tariff.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY —(*continued*).

MORETONHAMPSTEAD (Devon).

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. 200 acres of Park and Pleasure Grounds. Tennis. Croquet. Golf.

PATTERDALE.

ULLSWATER HOTEL. Overlooking Lake. Every Comfort. Free Fishing. Tennis. 'Phone: Glenridding 27.

SALISBURY.

CATHEDRAL HOTEL Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Lift. Rng. h. & c. softened water & radiators in bedrooms. 'Phone: 399 & 830. Props.: Capt. & Mrs. Gilbert King.

WELLS.

SWAN HOTEL. Facing the Cathedral. Garage. Electric Light. Hot and Cold running water. 'Phone: Wells 21.

WINCHESTER.

GEORGE HOTEL. A.A. appointed. Comfortable. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 491.

NORTH WALES.

BAY HOTEL, RHOSNEIGR. Facing the sea. Excellent Cuisine. First-class Golf. Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Dancing. Fully licensed. Electric light and H. & C. water in all rooms. A.A., R.A.C. Telephone: 18.

BANGOR CASTLE HOTEL. 40 Bedrooms with H. & C. water and Central Heating. Oak Lounges, Ball Room, French Chef, Service Garage. Moderate Tariff.

INDIA.

SAVOY HOTEL, Mussoorie.

CARLTON HOTEL, Lucknow.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

MENTONE.

HOTEL CÔTE D'AZUR (Eng. Propr.). Central, near Sea. Every modern comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

AXENSTEIN.

GRAND HOTEL—PARK HOTEL. On Lake Lucerne. Golf. Swimming Pool. Tennis. Orchestra. Red. Pension terms: **GRAND** 15, **PARK** 10 francs.

BEATENBERG (above Interlaken).

REGINA PALACE HOTEL. Summer and Winter Sports. Homelike. Cheap and good.

ENGADINE.

MALOJA PALACE. Grandest Swiss Alpine Centre. Mountaineering, Golf, Lawn Tennis. Boating, Bathing, Trout Fishing. Theatre, Ball Room and Lounge. All winter sports at their best. Illustrated booklet post free.

SWITZERLAND—(*continued*).

CLARENS—MONTREUX.

Centre for all excursions and sports, **THE GRAND HOTEL LE CLARENS.** Ideal situation. 10s. daily inclusive.

ST. GALL.

HOTEL WALHALLA-TERMINUS. Georges E. Stüheli. Up-to-date. Tels.: "Walhalla, St. Gall." Garage.

BELGIUM.

BRUGES.

MEMLING PALACE HOTEL. Grand Place, nr. famous Belfry. Modern. Rooms with private bathroom.

GERMANY.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NIZZA, WIESBADEN. Prop.: E. Uplegger. Near Casino and English Church. Moderate terms.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

BOYS.

BETHANY SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, KENT. Education thorough; Situation ideal; Sports, Swimming, Scouts. Evangelical tone. 100 boys, 8 to 18. Founded 1866. Fees £72 per year.

BOYS' CATHOLIC PREPARATORY SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS, HAWKESYARD, RUGELEY, STAFFS. Headmaster: R. D. Jebb, M.A., M.C.

CHURCHER'S COLLEGE, PETERSFIELD. Boys 10 to 18. Fees from £72. Public School Education; leaving Exhibitions; O.T.C.; Swimming Bath; Separate Preparatory School.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, WINCHESTER. Small Public School for boys. Special individual attention. Splendid grounds and playing fields. A pioneer school in modern educational method. Moderate fees. Headmaster: Aubrey de Sélincourt, M.A.

HERNE BAY COLLEGE, KENT. School and Higher Certificate. Mechanical Engineering. O.T.C. 120 guineas.

LADYCROSS, SEAFORD, SUSSEX. First-Class R.C. School for Public Schools and R.N. Ideal Buildings. Private Chapel. Teaching by modern individual methods. Many Scholarships gained. For Prospectus, etc., apply Headmaster.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—*cont.*

BOYS.

MALSIS PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CROSS HILLS, YORKSHIRE. Boys 7–14. Special features in addition to usual preparation for Public Schools. For Prospectus apply Headmaster.

SANDBACH SCHOOL, CHESHIRE. Founded 1677; Endowed School for boys 8–18; Playing Fields, about 18 acres. Swimming Bath. Fees £69 per annum. Apply Headmaster.

ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, RATHFARNHAM, Co. DUBLIN. Public School (Church of Ireland). Beautifully situated Dublin mountains. Fees £100. Entrance Scholarships June.

THE GRANGE, BECKENHAM, KENT. Preparatory for all Public Schools. Careful individual training. Extensive Sports ground in open country. Unsurpassed health record. Prospectus, book of Views, &c., from Headmaster.

Special Tuition.

CRANEMOOR, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS. Healthy coaching for Matriculation and all examinations under best possible conditions. New Forest and sea, riding and games. F. Pettipher, B.Sc.

GIRLS.

CHALFONT LODGE, GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS. Matriculation. Riding. Good health record.

DUNARDARIGH, NORTH BERWICK. Inspected and recognized by Education Department. Preparation for Examinations. Special attention to health. Situated near Sea and Golf Links. Moderate Fees.

GIRLS.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Established 1872. Recognized by the B. of E. Private Boarding School. Graduate Staff. Preparation for University Entrance Examinations. Excellent health and games record. A few scholarships available.

VYNE STRATTON, MICHELDEVER. Residential School. Univ. of Lond., and college entrance exams. Scholarships available (£30 to £60). Beautiful home and grounds: (260 acres). Apply to the Head Mistress.

UPPER CHINE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Appvd. Board of Education. Ages 5-19. Entire charge. Preparation all Exams.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, HERTS. A School for Boys and Girls based upon the educational principles of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

MISS M. PUTTICK'S CHILDREN'S CLASSES
(Girls from 4 to 14, Boys from 4 to 9 years)
2 BEDFORD GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.8.
In this sunny house children are taught by modern methods, to see, learn and admire. Great attention is paid to standard subjects, languages, etc. Visual Education by means of the Cinema, nature study from living things, organized games, rhythmic movement, children's library. Illustrated prospectus on application. Phone: Park 6709.

ADVICE ON EDUCATION.

Through personal visits of inspection, the Director of

COOK'S SCHOLASTIC SERVICE is able to give expert advice on the choice of a school for your child. Consultations in person or by post without fee or obligation. Address: Cook's Scholastic Service, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., 45 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.